

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 837.—16 June, 1860.

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NEW MAP

Of the Vicinity of Boston. E. P. Dutton & Co., Boston.

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THE LONE TREE IN WALL STREET.

OLD tree, why stand'st thou here alone,
 So strangely out of place,
 Thy branches long and slender grown,
 Thy roots compressed in sand and stone,
 Thy trunk a battered case ?
 Why tarriest thou when all the best
 Of kindred ties are dead ?
 Thy noon companions gone to rest,
 Thy youthful friends, in new forms drest,
 Long since to fair fields fled.

How happens it no storm has rent
 Thy quivering limbs apart ;
 No thunderbolt thy form has bent,
 * Nor axe, by fierce improvement lent,
 Has sought thy hidden heart ?
 How old art thou, gray scyamore ?
 Declare to me thine age !
 Wast bird-brought from some distant shore ?
 Wast planted here since or before
 The Revolution's stage ?

Canst thou recall the monument
 Of William Pitt, up-street,
 Which, like thyself, did much prevent
 The rush of those on gain intent,
 With thought and footstep fleet ?
 I can remember when the corn
 Was ripened near thy base,
 When simple people worked at dawn
 In gardens close at hand ; but gone
 Is that primeval race,

Oft have I played in bank-courts here,
 And scaled the lofty gate :
 Nor heavy bar, nor pointed spear,
 Nor dogged watchman dozing near,
 My ardor could abate.
 What joy it was, with light-shod feet,
 Bent on some wayward prank,
 My merry mates at eve to meet,
 And run scrub-races through the street,
 For "hunk" in the City Bank.

Here did the dames of other days
 Make formal morning calls ;
 Here Jauncey drove his spanking grays,
 As did MacEvers lively bays,
 And dwelt in neighboring halls.
 'Twas hereabouts that light began
 The land to penetrate :
 Here Hamilton and Gallatin
 First shed their rays, while Clinton ran
 The flood across the state.

Long did those dim bank parlors bloom
 With forms in mêm'ry urned ;
 Lynde, Catlin, Lorillard and Vroom,
 Varick, Flewelling, Wilkes—from whom
 Worth, Heyer, and Newbold learned.

Well knew they their constituents,
 Loved names of letters few,
 In whose old-fashioned rudiments
 A dollar meant a hundred cents,
 And paid the day 'twas due.

How many runs upon the banks
 Hast thou, old tree, beheld,
 Besides the one which serried ranks
 Of marshalled troops, with bristling flanks,
 In thirty-seven quelled ?
 When Wall Street stared at bayonets bare—
 A sight then seldom seen—
 And didst thou know that I was there,
 With musket, cartridge-box, and spare
 Flint, cross-belts, and canteen ?

Yes, 'twas the Seventh Regiment,
 The omnipresent guard !
 Whose ready force is ever lent
 At call of mayor or president,
 The work however hard.
 I swallowed dust long years before,
 With them and Lafayette ;
 Helped bury heroes by the score,
 Which ranks for me the next grand war
 A corporal—by brevet !

But I must pause ; my pen runs wild,
 As thought peers through the past ;
 I feel myself again a child,
 With record only half compiled,
 And broken off at last.
 And doubtless this will be the way,
 Old tree, with thee at length !
 In some high-tempered autumn day
 Thy time-worn frame will slip its stay,
 'Midst dreams of youthful strength.

R. S. O.

—New York Evening Post.

LAKE AND WATERFALL.

THE steep and rugged cliffs,
 The lake, the dark wood sighing,
 Like deep reflection seem,
 Profound and calmly lying.

And there, with thundering roar,
 Between the rocks wild gushing
 Like to the hardy act,
 The waterfall is rushing.

Thou shouldst, like yonder lake,
 Reflecting, stay—deep thinking,
 Then boldly, like the stream,
 Rush on to act—unshrinking.

—All the Year Round.

From The British Quarterly Review.

1. *Auszüge aus den Geheimen Memoiren des Fürsten Metternich.* Weimar. 1849.
2. *Metternich.* Leipzig. 1846. Phil. Reclam, jun.
3. *Fürst Metternich. Biographische Skizze.* Von L. Von Alversleben. Wien: Jasper Hügel und Mang. 1848.
4. *Fürst Metternich und das Oesterreichische Staats-System.* Von Dr. A. J. Grosshöffinger. Leipzig: Philipp Reclam, jun. 1844.
5. *Metternich's System oder die Ministererschwörung in Wien vom Jahr 1834.* Leipzig: Arnold Rüge. 1844.
6. *Correspondence respecting the Affairs of Italy, presented to both Houses of Parliament June 15th, 1849.*
7. *Correspondence respecting the Affairs of Italy, presented to both Houses of Parliament June 13th, 1859.*

It rarely falls to the lot of one man to enjoy such prolonged and undisputed pre-eminence as belongs to the statesman whose name stands at the head of this paper. It is supposed to be one of the leading characteristics of the present age, that single individuals are no longer the great arbiters of human destinies; that the growth of intelligence among the masses has enabled them to dwarf the colossal power formerly exercised by intellectual magnates; and that, if isolated genius would command influence now, it must be no longer by the wand of independent agency, but by seeking to enlist the sympathies of large bodies of men in its designs, and by making them the factors of its will. But Metternich's career stands out in bold contradiction to this tendency. As a statesman, he belongs rather to the class of the Wolseys and the Richelieus than to any of his own century: yet in the marvels he accomplished we must place him above the Wolseys and the Richelieus.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the European populations had hardly emerged from the trammels of servitude—when the multitude was besotted, and the public mind kept down to the stagnant level of a brutish mediocrity, it was indeed easy for a great genius, monopolizing all the learning of the period, to wield the destinies of a kingdom, and make a continent of people, like so many terror-stricken herds, crouch to receive his mandates with slavish obsequiousness. But Metternich fashioned society in the moulds of his own creation, at a time

when society was fully as enlightened as himself, and was rushing in a direction fatal to his purposes. He laid down his grooves with the cool air of one who has only to speak to be obeyed; and as the multitude were rejoicing in the vigor of newly-awakened intellect he arrested their progress, and flung them upon a retrograde movement with a facility the more surprising, as he stood single-handed in the conflict, and his resources appeared of the simplest character. During the times in which he lived the literature of his country achieved its greatest triumphs; and the national energies were aroused by events the most startling and turbulent in human annals. To have possessed any influence at such an epoch would have been the mark of a high intellect; but to have been the presiding spirit of the period, and to have so guided its stormiest events as to make them run counter to their natural tendency, this must be confessed to be the mark of the loftiest genius. Yet such was the lot of Prince Metternich. If his system in Austria was at last overborne, the defeat was but momentary; like a ball, it rose higher from the rebound, and seems even now, with its originator in his grave, as likely to endure as ever.

Others have performed the most dazzling achievements by the sword, but their empire has been fleeting, and their conquests quite as transitory as themselves. They have risen like a brilliant corruscation in the evening, and having overawed nations by their splendor, have been engulfed in mysterious darkness. Such was the career of Cæsar, Alexander, and Napoleon. Of the three, the Corsican was doubtless the superior spirit. But Metternich contrived to overreach Napoleon, to bring him as a suppliant to his feet, and to help Austria to the richest kingdoms out of the spoils of the French empire, with no other agency than the stroke of his pen. He found Austria reduced to a shadow of her former greatness—a third-rate dependency of a confederation which was itself the puppet of France. He left her the most powerful kingdom in Europe, endued with a giant's strength, and fortified up to the teeth on the Po, on the Danube, on the Rhine. With its head resting on the sunny plains of Italy; with its trunk in Upper Germany, Illyria, and the Slavonic provinces; with its extremities stretching far away to the icy ravines of the Riesengebirges, the

Austria of Metternich's creation still lies a vast political balance-weight in the centre of Europe. As governor of this huge empire, Metternich was the political Titan of his day. He insured victory to whatever side he leaned without unsheathing the sword. Italy, by secret stipulations with its princes, lay at his feet. He ruled Germany through that Confederation which was itself the creature of his breath, and which, in addition to the imperial forces, placed under his control an army of three hundred thousand men. Even Napoleon, in the zenith of his power, hardly exercised greater influence, or could dispose of a larger military array than Metternich acquired by pacific means, and which he made Europe believe was essential to its peace that he should retain. But his career extends over double the space of the French hero, though the latter was more fortunate in this respect than any of his predecessors, with the exception of Frederick the Great. Metternich was famous as a European diplomatist in 1797, at the Congress of Rastadt; and the requiem has only just been sung over his catafalque in the Hauptkirche of Vienna. His recollection of, and personal acquaintance with our chiefs extended from Pitt to Aberdeen. The Foxes, the Liverpools, the Castlereaghs, the Cannings, the Peels, and the Wellingtons all passed like so many shadows before him. He was acquainted and shook hands with all. Four sovereigns since his manhood sat on the throne of Russia; and five swayed the destinies of France, three of whom he lived to see in exile. During the intervening space, three Emperors stalked, like so many shadows, through the chambers of the imperial palace; but the real government of Austria rested in the hands of Metternich. From the age of twenty-five up to within a few years of his death, he was the virtual sovereign of the heterogeneous populations united under the House of Hapsburg; and the *prestige* derived from his lofty position, as well as from the success of his tactics, gave him an influence with foreign princes which many of their own councillors did not possess. His name stood as high in Rome, in St. Petersburg, in Paris during the Restoration, and in London during the Regency, as at Vienna. Hence the action of Metternich was not like that of other potentates, confined to his own country, but extended over the most influential quarter of

the globe. Wherever grave interests were at stake touching the kingdoms at the head of civilization, there his voice was in the ascendant. For upwards of half a century he presided over diplomatic councils, and gave the guiding stroke to the policy of Europe.

But it is in the hardy task of enclosing the career of the human spirit within fixed barriers, and of arresting the democratic current, that Metternich claims our principal consideration. Nations that might have proceeded gradually from one liberty to another have been kept by him in a degraded state of political infancy. His eyes unceasingly went round the globe, to see if there was not some trembling throne to support, some tribune to close, some germ of liberty to stifle. Hence, he called himself the head constable of Europe. But his was not the *bâton* which secures order that men may enjoy the greatest amount of freedom, but that which extinguishes freedom at the sacrifice of order. The force essential to keep humanity in shackles was periodically giving way. It required all the energies of this extraordinary man to save Europe from convulsions, and repair the broken fetter, that the system might continue. According to Metternich, there was no law of progress for society. Men were destined, like animals, to execute continually the same gyrations, only on a higher platform of being. The infallibility attaching to his religious convictions was imported into the domain of politics. Heaven had not only appointed priests, but kings, for its viceregents. One fixed and eternal round of blind acquiescence in their degrees was the social Elysium he destined for mortals. The rapid development of science, the electric transmission of thought, the economization of labor, the volent flight of the steam-engine, which are, as we write, gradually elevating society to a more lofty region of existence, had no meaning for Metternich. The rosy morning of a golden future never knocked at his doors. His political world had no rainbow of hope illuminating its horizon, no blooming vistas indicating a speedy coming time when many of the thorns which at present infest men's path will be turned into flowers, when the course of society will lie through gardens, and not through deserts; when a social structure will arise which shall beautify instead of disgracing material nature, and stand out in the same startling con-

trast to that of the present, as a Palladian palace to a Celtic hovel. Metternich read humanity backwards. The present with him was only a bad repetition of the slavish past; and he was determined the future should be in every respect a still more servile repeater of worn-out echoes than the present.

It is singular that this political phenomenon should have continued to knock about the world like a football for nearly half a century without extorting from his speculative countrymen more dignified notices of his doings than the miserable sketches which introduce this essay. The greater portion of these are vague eulogiums, of which Metternich must have been heartily ashamed, and were doubtless written by needy applicants for office, who expected by them to propitiate the favor of the Chancellerie. But if the press of Germany is in fetters, if its political book-makers, overawed by the machinery of the Confederation, refrain from dealing with Metternich's career in a legitimate spirit, at least on this side of the water, are in a different position. If we have not had the blessing of Metternich's guidance, we have, at all events, experienced its influence, and have a claim to be just to his memory. Many of his political actions, also, are pregnant with the deepest meaning to Englishmen. We cannot, therefore, allow the grave to engulf so much renown without canvassing the merits of a man whom England alternately regarded with pleasure and with distrust, and considering his public acts, both in relation to the foreign interests of this country, and the effects they have produced in the later political developments of Europe. It is because we believe the policy of Metternich has had, and still retains, its partisans among a certain class of British statesmen, that we shall endeavor to show in what manner that policy has neutralized the foreign influence of England, and deprived its diplomatists of that weight in the councils of Europe which the success of British arms gave them a fair title to claim. Nothing can be more opportune than such considerations at the present crisis. When the state of parties is so identical at home as to present little shade of difference unless in their foreign policy, and when the fate of one of the countries, which suppld full of the blessings of Metternich's government, is trembling in the balance between the renewal of his absolutism and the

inauguration of constitutional progress, it is peculiarly fitting to review the class of evils this statesman has engendered, the happiness he has prevented, and to what extent England, by the weakness of some of her rulers, has been ancillary to the infliction of the blighting effects of his system upon the world.

Clement Wenceslaus Lothaire, Count de Metternich, was born at Coblenz, May 15th, 1773. He was descended from one of the best families in the empire, who had constantly maintained a foremost position either as princes of the Church or magnates of the State. In the sixteenth century they figure as Archbishops of Trèves, and military governors of Mayence. In latter times they have given chancellors to the imperial cabinet at Vienna. The family estates, more extensive than many German principalities, stretch from the Moselle through the plains of Winneberg and Oldenhausen to Handsruck. The wonder is not that such a family became distinguished, but that they did not aim at independent sovereignty. Clement's father, Francis George, however, who was born at Coblenz, 1746, was the first who bore the title of Prince of the Empire—a dignity conferred upon him in reward for his efficient services as conference minister at Vienna. Of Clement's education scrupulous care appears to have been taken. Having surmounted a host of private masters, he was forced through the curriculum of two universities—the one at Strasburg, to perfect himself in the arts; the other at Mayence, to imbibe the principles of jurisprudence and international law. At the age of eighteen he assisted his father as master of ceremonies at the coronation of Leopold II., and was subsequently, on leaving Mayence, initiated by him into the mysteries of Austrian statecraft at Vienna.

It is in the influences produced on his mind at the outset of his career that we must seek for the wellsprings of that policy with which he so pertinaciously strove to inundate Europe. That policy was too unnatural to have its seat in reason, however much the mind may have been employed in adjusting its details and in imparting to them systematic coherence. Like many other radical errors, we must ascribe Metternich's early bias in favor of absolutism to adventitious circumstances disturbing the clear vis-

ion of his virgin intellect, and forcing him upon a path opposed to his speculative convictions. His first prepossessions were in favor of liberal institutions. With Benjamin Constant and Lowestein, at Strasburg, he hailed the advent of a constitutional government in France as opening a golden vista to humanity. But when the French made war against the class to which he belonged; when they pulled down the altar, and extinguished the throne in blood; when they menaced Europe with a war of propagandism; when they seized on the left bank of the Rhine, and confiscated his own patrimony in the general spoil;—then his visions of human progress vanished, and he saw no hope for his species, unless cooped up in the cage of an iron-banded despotism. To crush liberty, and promote the cause of absolutism, became henceforward the grand object of his life. Nor did the visit which he paid to England and Holland before entering on his diplomatic career in the slightest degree mitigate this tendency. When he first came amongst us, in 1794, the flower of the Whigs, imitating his own recreancy, had passed over to the Tories, and Pitt was invested with almost dictatorial powers by a corrupt parliament. In Holland, matters were even worse. That little kingdom, in hourly terror of invasion, had suspended the functions of its senate, and, in the hands of military generals, was bracing every nerve for its defence. Metternich doubtless mistook the diseased state of the freest of the western powers for their healthy condition; and subsequently, with a flippancy little worthy of his genius, pronounced the only governments where order was unsupported by absolutism to be shams and not realities.

The first diplomatic office he undertook was to represent the Westphalian nobility at the congress of Rastadt. The task probably was nothing more than nominal, to give him a title to a seat in that remarkable assembly, and initiate him into that astute policy which Austria made venerable in his eyes by transmitting it as a paternal legacy. Francis II. summoned his father to preside as head of the empire over the deliberations of the congress, and the part he had to play even exceeded the dissimulation which the son so artfully practised, some nineteen years later, at Prague and Schönbrunn.* Austria, by secret articles in the treaty of Campo Formio, had given up the integrity of the Germanic empire, and conceded the left bank

of the Rhine in return for Venice and a portion of Bavaria. At the same period, the exhausted and turbulent state of France, and the growing alienation of Russia to the republic, led her to think a speedy opportunity might offer of resuming hostilities with effect. Before the congress which met to decide the terms of the peace between the deputations of the Germanic empire and the French republic, the elder Metternich had consequently two parts to play, one of which might even have exhausted the tactics of Talleyrand. He had to persuade the German princes his master was protecting their interests, while he was largely indemnifying himself at their expense. He had also to convince the French ministers that Austria was resolutely bent on peace, at the same time that she was only gaining time to recruit her forces and arrange with England the terms of a third coalition. The German princes were placed in the power of the republic by the mock retreat of the Austrian forces beyond the Danube, which enabled the French to occupy Mayence and hold the empire in their grasp. The directory, in turn, was cajoled by the insertion of a clause in the preliminaries of the negotiations that no decision of the congress was to be final until the entire stipulations drawn up in a complete form were ratified by the emperor as head of the Diet. During the year 1797–8 this double farce went forward, exhausting the serious attention of the gravest diplomatists of Europe. The elder Metternich had the ability to waste three weeks in exchanging and verifying credentials. The formularies of the empire, with the etiquette and order of precedence of the thirty-five German courts, was another fruitful source of delay. Even Talleyrand, who then held the portfolio of foreign minister, made two or three journeys from Paris to the congress, with a view to accelerate results, thinking there was something solid in the business. Bonaparte also favored the assembly with his presence on his return to the capital, and managed to dismiss that Count Fersen from its sittings who conducted the midnight escape of royalty from the Tuileries, and who sat as representative of Saxony. But two or three days' chicanery wearied the patience of the young soldier, and he was glad to escape to meet the plaudits of the Parisian populace. The secularizations required on the right bank of the Rhine for the territories conceded on the left, the question of territorial debts, of the navigation and custom dues of the river, each afforded the elder Metternich a rich theme for disquisition, and he availed himself of them with the skill of an Irish orator at Westminster, who seizes the precise moment when he has secured a

* It is amusing to find a writer in *Fraser* (June and July, 1844) confound the son with the father, and enter into a defence of Metternich's proceedings at Rastadt, as if he had actually presided over the assembly. The same blunder has been committed in ten ostensible quarters.—*Metternich and Austrian Rule in Lombardy*, by Jobson, p. 7. 1848.

majority by worrying his opponents out of the House, to drop his speech and go to a division. When Bonaparte had landed in Egypt, this interminable congress was still at its labors, without any prospect of coming to an end. But when the seizure of Malta had led Russia to assume an attitude of hostility against France; when the Porte menaced with a dismemberment of his dominions, joined his flag with those of Russia and England, and the victorious cannon of Aboukir resounded through Europe,—then Count Metternich pulled the boards from under the Rastadt Congress, and left its astonished members to their fate. The French deputies were informed, with “distinguished consideration,” that Francis II. had revoked the powers of his deputy, and that the proceedings were at an end. They, however, held papers, the publication of which would have compromised Austria with the princes of the confederation. To seize these papers was a point of great importance to Metternich. That object was effected by a most wanton outrage on the rights of nations. The three ministers of the republic, as they quitted Rastadt, were assaulted by a troop of Zeklar hussars, who barbarously butchered two in the skirmish, and left the third covered with blood to carry the hideous tale to the Prussian legation!

Had young Metternich's appointments been designed to quicken his subtlety and expand his intellect, they could not have been better selected for that purpose. It appears as if Austria, aware of his great talents, had recognized in him her future ruler, and had determined he should bring a mind familiar with the principles and practice of foreign courts to the government of her own. From Rastadt Metternich was sent, as secretary of legation, to assist Count Stadion at St. Petersburg. After some two years' stay on the banks of the Riga, he was despatched, in 1801, as Austria's representative, to the court of Saxony. But Metternich had hardly familiarized himself with the learned *savans* and antiquities of Dresden, than he found himself in the same capacity at Berlin. The fact is that these appointments, however capricious they may appear, had a design in them, which foreign editors may be pardoned if they omit to notice, but which we English have cause to remember to our cost. Metternich was sent to St. Petersburg, Dresden, and Berlin, not so much to represent Austria and to write protocols as to negotiate coalitions. Of these coalitions England supplied the nerves and sinews which gave them a moving force. We found ourselves in 1798, in the same position, with respect to France, as in 1688. But in lieu of a military sovereign we had a

reckless minister; and instead of confronting the hired legions of a despotic *régime*, we had to parry the thrusts of an audacious first consul and the spirited troops of a young republic. Under William we paid other nations for fighting out their own battles; but our monarch was on the spot to direct operations, to command the allied forces, and see the troops stipulated for were actually brought into the field. But under Pitt, our simple interference was confined to paying the money, which was done with the same profusion as if the cliffs of this island had been bullion and the sands which line its coast had been composed of dazzling topaz or emerald. The result was what the dullest might have predicted. As soon as the respective amounts were showered into the coffers of our allies, the military organization was tardily proceeded with. Either the powers could not be brought into simultaneous action, or one of them seeing its advantages lay in a separate peace, after some pretence of fighting, made terms with the enemy. The last was Austria's case at Campo Formio and at Luneville, when she showed the profound selfishness which has ever actuated her policy, and her steadiness to her engagements, by joining those troops to the enemy's which we had paid her to equip against him. The first was Prussia's case during the third coalition ending in the defeat at Austerlitz, and the horrible carnage by which she expiated her tardiness at Jena. Had Metternich's advice been followed, these disasters could not have taken place. He dissuaded Russia, Sweden, and Austria from assuming a warlike attitude until Prussia had joined the league and called out her forces to second their operations. The adherence of Prussia to the coalition he secured in 1805, while ambassador at Berlin. But, notwithstanding Metternich's entreaties, Prussia was slow in fulfilling her engagements, and the military zeal of Count Stadion precipitated a battle before her levies were in the field. Hence the disastrous conflicts which laid Germany at the feet of Bonaparte, and the intelligence of which killed Pitt quite as effectually as if he had been shot through the heart with a French bullet in the campaign.

To coalitions we have no antipathy in the abstract. They have often been required, and doubtless will often be required, to arrest the march of insolent success. It is to the influence of coalitions that England owes the preservation of her liberties from Stuart kings, and the freedom of her soil from the incursions of hostile armies. But if ever there was a time when this sort of combination was required, it was when a military chieftain, unsurpassed in war tactics, and

who constantly nailed victory to his standard, was grasping at the sovereignty of Europe. It was evidently the only resource of the unsubjugated states to unite their forces and present a compact front to the enemy. Had England held aloof, her independence as a nation would not have been worth three years' purchase. As matters stood, we narrowly escaped the melancholy distinction of Utis—that of being devoured the last. Owing to the remissness of foreign states, Napoleon overran Spain, conquered Italy, subjugated Germany, and enslaved Holland. He already mimicked at Paris the style and pretensions of the Cæsars on the Capitoline. All that remained to confirm his dominion, and reduce Europe to the condition of the old Roman servitude, was to smash Britannia's trident, and arrogate to himself the empire of the sea. Our complaint, therefore, is, not that we organized coalitions, but that we were so foolhardy as to undertake in them more than what naturally fell to our share; viz., the keeping the sea clear from Napoleon's navies, and hunting his forces out of Spain; that we were remiss in intrusting the management of these coalitions to the agents of foreign despots, and that, in raising subsidies by ruinous loans, we wasted the patrimony of posterity upon despotic states without producing any but the most disastrous results. It is computed that, out of the four hundred millions which Pitt raised for the purposes of the war, hardly three hundred passed through the hands of the minister: the rest was thrown away as largesse to entice lenders to commit their fortunes to the perilous enterprise of bribing foreign states to look after their own interests. The remedy became in this manner as bad as the evils it endeavored to avert. Since to impede the march of social progress, to shackle the industry of future generations with the interest of colossal debts, even had these continental subsidies been essential, was in effect equal to the abuses of the wildest usurpation. For what form more oppressive can the most wanton caprices of despotism assume than that of grinding taxation, or what shape more hateful than when it blights the prospects of society, deprives the millions of ease and comfort, and precludes them from reaching that high stage of civilization which their nature is fitted to attain? We opine it is a very poor consolation to a man, who does not know where to get his dinner, that his sovereign is deprived of the dispensing power; or that he enjoys the blessings of a free press without a stiver in his pocket. But when we consider that the immense subsidies which Pitt raised served no useful purpose—that they invariably proved abortive—his name ought to be a much greater

mark of popular hatred than that of Danby or Wymington. These gentlemen upheld a system of legal tyranny which, though painful for a time, the nations soon managed to get rid of. But Pitt turned the forms of a free constitution into a means of entailing upon the nation a gigantic system of social restriction, which the country cannot escape from without the loss of its honor. Like a reckless gambler, he drew bills to a fearful amount on posterity, and impoverished the resources of myriads yet unborn, to furnish him with the stakes of the ruinous game he was playing. A minister who would endeavor at the present day to enter on so wild a course of extravagance, would be at once hurled from power, and the execration of the country which would follow him to his private home could hardly be inferior to that which deprived the disinterested services of Walpole of the congenial assistance of Aislabie and Sunderland. Yet so blind is the infatuation of party, that the very folly of those acts which killed the man have only inspired his followers to perform his political apotheosis, and to proclaim him a hero. Pitt died through the consciousness of having ruined the people whose destinies were intrusted to his hands; and, on the ground of that consciousness, his party have erected a pedestal, on which they present him as the saviour of his country.

Napoleon, after the battle of Austerlitz, largely made use of his rights as victor. He took from Austria the mantle and imperial crown she had worn for six centuries. He deprived her of the Tyrol, of Venice, of the towns on the Danube, of the mouths of the Cattaro. He enriched Baden, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg, which lay in Austria's front, with a belt of her territories. He enlarged four petty electorates into powerful kingdoms, and placed them as checks to Austria's movements on the west. On the south she was restrained by the Cisalpine and Transpadane republics; on the north, by the Helvetic and Rhenish confederations. Napoleon had only to dictate. Austria, abased to the dust, was glad to sign any conditions that left her the semblance of sovereignty. Metternich, at this crisis, was suddenly recalled from Berlin, and named ambassador at St. Petersburg. But this appointment was as suddenly exchanged for the same post at Paris, whither Napoleon, having taken such ample securities for the good behavior of Austria, had gone to degrade the phantom republic into an empire, and indulge his vanity with the gewgaws of a court. It was presumed that Metternich, who had some experience in imperial coronations, and who was well acquainted with the minute elegancies of courtly society, would be a great

acquisition to the span-new emperor, and be able to ingratiate himself into his confidence, as it indeed proved. During Metternich's brief stay at Paris he was regarded as the great canonist upon all matters of imperial etiquette. The pageant at Notre Dame took place under his auspices. He regulated the first drawing-rooms and levees of the empire. Every new courtier who felt himself ill at ease in exchanging his buskin pantaloons and his woollen jacket for the silken robes of office, found an unfailing resource in Metternich. He was the mould of fashion in which Parisian society took its form after it had quitted its republican habits and was adjusting itself to the new modes of imperial sovereignty. Napoleon, who was charmed with the graceful manners and imposing exterior of the new envoy, and the zeal which he exhibited in the new creations, placed in him the most unreserved confidence. Metternich was then in his thirty-third year. With the elastic vigor of manhood he still preserved the appearance of the artless simplicity of youth. "You are young, Metternich," said Napoleon, during one of his diplomatic receptions, "to represent so old a house as Austria." "Your majesty was still younger at the battle of Austerlitz," was the felicitous reply. An astuter man than the French emperor would have found it difficult to resist the system of delicate flattery whose casual effort could so briefly turn an imputed defect into a compliment, and make that seem more worthy of the bestower than the receiver.

There cannot now be a doubt that Metternich regarded the millinery and pasteboard work of the first empire at their true value; and that the interest he seemed to take in surrounding its establishment with the trappings of dignity was only a mask under which he might worm himself into the emperor's councils, and study his disposition. In fact Metternich's mission at Paris, in 1806, was one of the most artful duplicity. From the peace of Presburg, Austria had laid her plans with England to rise at the first opportunity. Before Metternich set out for Paris, the scheme was secretly concerted, and the envoy had received his instructions to aid its development. Forces were to be poured into the Spanish peninsula in such numbers as to oblige Bonaparte to concentrate and head his troops in that quarter, and at the slightest reverse experienced by the enemy, Austria was to attack his confederates in Germany. Metternich performed his part dexterously enough. He must have regarded Napoleon, absorbed in his court frippery, much in the same light as an expert huntsman regards a heron he is trying to ensnare; and which he contrives to amuse

until the toils arrive which enable him to secure his prey. During those conferences about court revivals, which gave him access to Napoleon at all hours, and in which the emperor believed him entirely engrossed, with a view to place the empire upon a respectable footing, Metternich was only noting down the minutest details of Napoleon's character, and cautiously taking his measures for sweeping away the whole superstructure, with the little square-built gentleman who was the centre of the entire business. He besieged the French throne with the most fervent assurances of Austria's fidelity to the cause of the emperor, and her alienation to British interests; while Austria was secretly enlarging her military stores by means of English gold, and equipping her levies for a deadly struggle with his forces. Napoleon in the mean time, by Metternich's representations, felt so assured of the complete vassalage and dependence of the house of Hapsburg, as to set out to Erfurth to arrange with Alexander, the only monarch with whom he felt disposed to divide Europe, what were to be the halves allotted to each sovereignty. But the warlike preparations of the Austrian government reached the ears of the French envoy at Vienna, and the intelligence was duly forwarded to Paris. About the same time came the report of the disasters of Duchesne and Moncey in Barcelona and Valencia, and the arrival of twenty thousand British bayonets under Moore at Salamanca. Napoleon, though conspiring against all the world, was exceedingly enraged when he heard that anybody was conspiring against him. Prepared with a lava of indignation, he waited on Metternich to demand an explanation of the intentions of Austria. The wily diplomatist assured his majesty that the views of Austria were eminently pacific, that his master was sincerely attached to the emperor, and that the new levies were designed simply to allay the ferment of his subjects, who feared, from the recent interview at Erfurth, that their territories were menaced with another spoliation. Napoleon departed for the Spanish peninsula somewhat mollified by these representations, which Metternich vigorously upheld, not only at the Bureau of Talleyrand and Champigny, but also over the Toquay which graced the imperial suppers at the Tuileries.

Any events in which Napoleon was the principal actor were quickly brought to their *dénouement*. His decision was prompt; and his energetic measures followed as close upon his decision as the roll of the thunder succeeds the electric flash which announces it. He contrived not only to give two strokes to his enemy's one while the latter were in action, but he was awake realizing his plans

one half of the time during which his opponents slept. This untiring energy, which ever constituted one of the principal elements of his success, singularly distinguished him at this crisis; and to it must be ascribed his escape from the dangers which now menaced him on the Ebro and the Rhine. He flew to Vitoria hardly in time to retrieve the disaster his troops had met with at Baylen. Austria now thought the moment arrived to launch forth a declaration of war. She attacked Wurtemberg and Bavaria. Archduke Charles called upon Italy while the tyrant had his hands tied in Spain, to shake off his degrading yoke, promising all kinds of national institutions, and a perfect saturnal of freedom as soon as that feat was accomplished. Germany was also summoned, in the name of liberty, to chase the French and their coadjutors beyond Alsace and Lorraine. But Napoleon was not the man to lose the left bank of the Rhine, the Tyrol, and Italy for the sake of defending a mere outpost in the Spanish peninsula. With the speed of lightning he reassured his German allies, and then flew back to Paris to organize an army to meet their exigencies. Count Stadion, the Austrian prime minister, had in the mean time instructed Metternich to get himself hunted out of Paris. But the despatch had hardly arrived when Fouché reached Metternich's hotel, and informed him he was his prisoner. The emperor was so enraged with Metternich's duplicity, that he refused to see him, and had charged his minister of police to have him conveyed over the borders of France by a company of gendarmerie. Fouché, though things were rather an unpromising look, knew that Metternich was a winning card, whose assistance he might need on a future day, and deemed it expedient to evade the spirit of his master's orders for the purpose of consulting Metternich's convenience. He left the Austrian envoy to choose his own time and manner of departure, and only appointed one officer to accompany him beyond the *octroi* of St. Denis, in order to save appearances with the emperor.

The field of Essling, which immediately followed, menaced the fortunes of Napoleon; but the battle of Wagram entailed upon Austria a more disastrous defeat than that of Austerlitz. Napoleon would have been justified, considering the provocation he received, in extinguishing the House of Hapsburg, and dividing her territories among his German confederates. In fact, some project of this sort was in his mind. But the keensighted Metternich, who was now called to the helm of affairs in the room of the unfortunate Stadion, now turned to account the weakness of Napoleon's nature, which he

had so skilfully anatomized at the Tuileries, and inclined him to benevolence. On Stadion's shoulders was laid the responsibility of the evils which had occurred. Metternich coolly avowed he had been as much deceived as the French emperor. Henceforth there was only to be one policy at Vienna, and that was whatever Napoleon might choose to dictate. Austria, as events had shown, even were she again inclined to revolt, had been so emasculated by the treaty of Plessburg as to possess little power to inflict mischief, and it would be found much more expedient to France to leave her as she was, politically helpless, than to overgorge some favorite state with her dominions, who might, at the first reverse of the emperor, join the allies, and conduce to his overthrow. The interest of Napoleon was to keep Germany fractionally weak. If Austria disappeared from the map, the states fed with her dominions would inherit her pride, and aim at an independent policy. Many Austrias with Count Stadions at their head, would reappear under other forms; and, instead of the alliance of one of the oldest states in Europe, which would cover the nakedness of a new empire with the venerable dignity of six centuries, he would find himself beset by *parvenu* powers, irritating his flank, and ready to measure lances with him in the field. To second these artful representations, Maria Louisa was invited to the sombre gayeties at Schönbrunn. It was even whispered to Champigny, as Josephine could not raise up an heir to the empire, that Francis II. had no objection to become another Agamemnon, in case Napoleon felt disposed to cement the union of the two crowns by a closer alliance. Metternich knew with what difficulty Napoleon resisted the attractions of women; but these attractions, in the present case enhanced by a diadem by the side of which that worn by the proudest monarch might have lost its lustre, exercised irresistible potency. Metternich's artful reasons were doubtless not without some weight in producing the mild treaty which succeeded; but one glance of the youthful princess had more effect than all the verbose rhetoric by which it was preceded. The scene at Schönbrunn was the triumph, so often represented by poets and novelists, of feminine beauty over enraged passion panting for revenge. We are told that the story of Rowena and Vogenstern is a myth too improbable for belief, and only to be found in the annals of Druid sagas; but, with a little change in the minor details of dress and custom, the same drama will be found faithfully enacted at Schönbrunn in the nineteenth century.

If Austria had hitherto failed to retrieve her position, the fault was not Metternich's.

The part allotted to him had been played with distinguished success; but that part was only subordinate. Count Stadion had pulled the guiding rein, and frequently in a manner which had caused Metternich to remonstrate. The rash temper of Stadion, and the tempting offers of the Pitt and Perceval cabinets had hurried him into precipitate measures. Austria was in the position of old Rome when her fortunes were brought to the brink of ruin by the mad campaigns of Marcellus. But she found something more than her Fabius in Metternich. He was, at this crisis, in his thirty-sixth year, created chancellor, and invested with almost dictatorial powers in the state. But that state was only the shadow of its former self. It lay crushed beneath a load of debt, exhausted by internal war, despoiled of one-third of its dominions, and on every side entangled in the folds of that huge French empire which extended its vast bulk from the Baltic to the Pyrenees. But a few brief years sufficed Metternich to raise Austria from the lowest depth of its decline to the zenith of prosperity. In 1808, Austria had no more influence on external politics than the Republic of San Marino. In 1813, she was the arbitress of Europe. The principal means by which Metternich effected this great change, were the marriage of Maria Louisa with Bonaparte, which contributed to the emperor's rash expedition against Russia; and the Fabian tactics of cautious delay and keen foresight which enabled him to grasp the confused cards of that terrible game opened at Moscow and finished at Waterloo, to control its issues with luminous precision, and direct them all to the aggrandizement of his country.

Napoleon, after the treaty of Vienna, much as he was flattered with the prospect of a family alliance with the house of Hapsburg, yet regarded that power in too cheap a light for his purposes, and naturally sought a new partner for his throne in the family of Alexander, whom he was so anxious to draw into his plans respecting the partition of Europe. The position of the three courts as regards each other was exactly what it was on the eve of the conference at Erfurth; with this difference, that Austria's interest now, much more than on any previous occasion, lay in detaching Bonaparte from the Russian union: for if that alliance had taken place, she must have sunk at once to a third-rate dependency. The refusal of the mother of Alexander to ally her daughter with the fortunes of a military adventurer, was a wind-fall for Metternich; as this step not only flung Napoleon back upon Maria Louisa, but led to that alienation between the two courts of Paris and St. Petersburg which Metter-

nich since 1806 had been industriously plotting to effect. As soon as the marriage articles were drawn up, the Austrian chancellor conducted the imperial archduchess to the couch of the triumphant lieutenant of Toulon. The Austrian princess was doubtless instructed by her wary attendant to seize every occasion to second his policy, and to widen the estrangement between Napoleon and the court of Russia. Nor were opportunities long wanting. The strict enforcement of the continental blockade against British goods began to be relaxed in Russia and Holland. As Napoleon drove the father of the present French emperor from the Dutch throne, and appropriated his dominions, because he chose rather to follow the advice of his merchants than the orders of his imperial brother, it was not likely that the French despot would treat the same conduct on the part of a power already grown unsteady to his interests with mild remonstrance. Alexander, incensed by the rapacity of the French agents, who had seized for similar contumacy the territories of his brother-in-law, the Duke of Oldenburg, would not yield an inch. The result was war to the knife against Russia. So eager was Bonaparte's resentment, he would not wait for early spring to open the campaign. The cities of Russia must be invaded in the depth of winter. Austria agreed to assist him with a contingent of 60,000 men. But Metternich had no idea of allowing this force to brave the rigors of a northern winter in fifty-six degrees of latitude. He did not venture to suggest any thing about the madness of fighting with the elements. That was a combat in which he was only too glad to find the hot temperament of the French rush to cool itself. He merely stipulated that, as Austria was not the principal, but simply an auxiliary in the war, her contingent should form part of the army of reserve, and operate on the banks of the Vistula. It was also agreed that, in case of success, Francis should be rewarded for his assistance by the cession of Illyria. In case of failure, Metternich knew a greater prize awaited Austria; nothing less than the extortion of her old provinces, by the help of English subsidies, from the weakness of a prostrate empire. Napoleon on this occasion, with mad infatuation, rushed into the jaws of destruction. He allowed Prussia to make the same stipulations as Austria; and entered Russia in September, with an army of reserve composed of concealed foes, ready on the slightest reverse to assail his rear, and co-operate with the enemy in front to effect his overthrow. The rawest recruit in the French levies might have fathomed the nature of the risks to which France was so

rashly committing her destinies. But the emperor was as effectually blinded by Providence as Paul on his way to Tarsus, and could not see it.

The horrors of that fatal retreat through Mojaïsk and Wiasma, to Smolensko, in the dreary nights of a November, unparalleled even in that region for its biting frosts and overwhelming snow-drifts, when the half-famished French army was destroyed by the pitiless rigor of the climate and the attacks of an infuriated enemy ever assailing its flanks, spread throughout Germany a burst of sunshine. The monarchs of Prussia and Austria had no lack of popular enthusiasm to support their contemplated defection from the French cause. The whole German people rose to make merry over the grave of France. Of the 400,000 men whom Napoleon had led across the Dnieper, in all the pride of chivalry, hardly 25,000 returned to recount their disasters; and these more like groups of savage spectres pursued by the furies than disciplined soldiers retreating in the face of a civilized enemy. At this juncture, chivalrous Prussia, instead of resisting the progress of the Cossack horde, showed her heroic devotion to freedom by quietly marching her contingent over to the Russian ranks, and helping to annihilate the wasted remains of the ally whom she had sworn to defend. Metternich, more artfully, and without much seeming sacrifice of honor, instructed Schwartzberg, the head of the Austrian contingent, to conclude an armistice, and return to Vienna. The occasion was critical. Napoleon had rushed to Paris, had raised 350,000 conscripts, and was expected to sweep through Germany with the strength of a whirlwind. It was the interest of Austria yet to keep up a pretence of preserving her alliance with France. At the same time Metternich entered into secret understanding with the allies, and by means of English gold armed with a musket every clown whose services he could press into the contest.

The more completely to elude the vigilance of Napoleon, Schwartzberg was sent as envoy-extraordinary to Paris, and some angry remonstrances of the Russians, got up expressly for the occasion, were shown by him to the emperor, which expostulated with Austria for allowing her contingent to renew operations before the precise time of the expiration of the armistice. But the fact is the Austrian contingent had only moved to retreat. It soon became evident to Bonaparte that the manœuvres between the two armies was an idle show, designed to enable Metternich, under the guise of friendship, to push forward preparations of the most menacing hostility. On summoning

the contingent to assume an offensive attitude, Napoleon was quietly told that the commander had received instructions to take his orders from Vienna, and not from Paris; that the circumstances under which hostilities commenced had entirely changed, and Austria, if the war should continue, must engage in it as one of the principals, and not as auxiliary; but that she preferred peace, and would do her utmost to obtain it. In the mean time Metternich had secretly collected and equipped behind the mountains of Bohemia a force of 200,000 men.

The fields of Lützen and Bautzen which saw the raw recruits of France engage the veterans of Russia and Germany with such imminent risk of defeat, powerfully assisted the tactics of Metternich in raising Austria from a state of servile dependency to be the umpire of nations. During the last engagement, which ended in an armistice, a company of French hussars had fallen in with a Prussian escort, and intercepted a secret correspondence of Austria with the allies. Napoleon, who had replaced Count Otto at Vienna by Narbonne, because that minister had suffered himself to be outwitted by the Austrian Chancellor, now instructed his new envoy to charge Metternich with mistaking intrigue for politics, to menace him with demanding his passports, and to represent the imperial forces at 800,000 men. But victory had fluctuated. The weight of a feather would now have sufficed to turn the scale between the combatants. And Metternich had at his beck an effective army, able single-handed to cope with either party, and panting to revenge on the one to which Austria was in reality hostile all the disasters that party inflicted on their country; Metternich, therefore, disregarding threats, looked at facts, and at once leaped into the seat of the great controller of European destinies. The allies knew that without Austria they were powerless, and offered every thing to the cupidity of her minister. Bonaparte knew that if Austria joined the enemy he stood in imminent danger of being extinguished, and therefore bid against the allies. But the star of the emperor was on the wane. By the treaty of Trachenberg, Sweden had been drawn into the alliance; and Wellington was driving the French out of Spain. Besides, the offers of the emperor were not half so tempting as those of the allies, and they were regarded as insincere. It was evidently the interest of Austria to side with the allies: but she strove to extort from Napoleon's fears by the pen what the allies were laboring to effect by the sword. Metternich talked largely about the duties of armed intervention, the necessity of placing the peace of Europe upon a durable basis;

but really meant nothing less than the reduction of France to its old limits, and that Austria should receive out of the dismemberment of the empire the lion's share of the spoil.

In reply to Napoleon, who pressed through his minister Narbonne for a specific declaration of Austria's intentions, Metternich proceeded to the imperial quarters at Dresden, bearing a holograph letter from the Austrian emperor. The extraordinary interview which ensued lasted half a day; nor are the details embalmed in the simple narration of Baron Fain, who was present as Metternich's secretary, wanting to posterity. Bonaparte, as soon as the envoy was admitted, eschewing all conventional preludes, went directly to the point. "Well, Metternich, your cabinet wants to make capital out of my misfortunes. The great question for you to decide is whether, without fighting, you can exact profitable conditions from me, or if you are to throw in your lot with my enemies. Well, we will see. Let us treat. What do you want?" Metternich replied in a sentence which, for clearness of meaning, might be compared to one of the Thames' fogs, that Austria desired nothing but those moderate measures which justice inspired, and would take up the position dictated by equity. "Speak more plainly," said the emperor. "Come to the point. All I want is your neutrality. I am an old soldier, and know better how to break than bend. Will you take Illyria?" At the rejoinder of Metternich, who, in a cloud of diplomatic euphemism, demanded the restoration of the old condition of Europe and the guarantee of peace under the ægis of an association of independent states, Napoleon burst into a torrent of fury. "In fact you want Italy; Russia, Poland; Sweden, Norway; Prussia, Saxony; England, Holland, and Belgium; and Austria wishes me to agree to these conditions without unsheathing the sword. The demand is an outrage. You urge moderation, and want to dismember the French empire. My father-in-law might have left some one else to patronize such a project. How much gold, Metternich, has England given you for this?" During these ebullitions Napoleon paced the room with hurried step; laid down and took up his hat; muttered broken sentences between his teeth, and showered a volley of furious glances on the envoy who remained as cold and collected as a statue. But the prey was taken in his toils, and Metternich could regard its idle chafing with stolid curiosity. At the end of half an hour's silence, the emperor became less agitated, and dropped his hat, to allow Metternich an opportunity to relax the stiffness of his demeanor, and revive the conver-

sation. But the envoy was not, as the emperor imagined, the same pliant personage who stood before him the representative of humbled Austria after the peace of Presburg. He would now neither stoop nor speak; and the emperor, having picked up his hat, deemed it expedient to assume a more gracious tone. "Illyria!" exclaimed the monarch, holding out his hand to Metternich, "is not my last word. We can make better terms. Consult your court and let me hear." But the hat incident alone might have revealed to a less astute observer than Bonaparte that Austria held his fortunes cheap, and was as much committed against him as the most inveterate of his enemies. It was the first time in the annals of sovereignty that an emperor was known to stoop in the presence of foreign envoys. But Bonaparte, who was a novice in the arts of courts, placed a rash confidence in his alliance with Francis II., and could not bring himself to believe that he would aid the allies to impair a crown which his daughter wore. Bonaparte looked upon the marriage as a family compact and not as a sacrifice to which Austria had recourse to save her from social extinction. To this overweening confidence, which deceived him to the last, Napoleon always attributed his overthrow.

As Metternich's preparations for the final struggle were not complete, he proposed a prolongation of the armistice to the 10th of August, and a mock congress at Prague. Of this congress he was elected President. Caulincourt, Napoleon's minister, wished at once to proceed to business, but was overborne by the representatives of the allies, who wasted the time in prelude debates about rights of precedence and idle matters of form and routine, until the evening of the 7th. On the following day, Austria proposed, as an *ultimatum* to France, the division of the Duchy of Varsovia between Russia and Prussia; the independence of Hamburg and Lubeck; the reconstruction of Prussia with a frontier on the Elbe; the cession of Illyria to Austria; the dissolution of the Helvetic Confederation, and a guarantee that the limits agreed upon should not be altered unless by the common consent of all the powers. Napoleon's reply, which conceded some points but modified others, did not arrive till the night of the 10th. But Austria had gained her point. She had her forces in readiness, and before sunset had sided ostensibly with the allies, and declared war.

To do Metternich justice, whatever deception he may have practised on Napoleon, he did not desire his complete overthrow. After the terrible reverse the emperor experienced at Leipsic, and when the allies in the north of France were co-operating with Wellington,

already debouching on the south, Metternich wrote to Caulincourt, pressing him to urge his master to accept the conditions of the allies before it was too late. The fact is, he dreaded the preponderance which Russia would immediately possess in the councils of Europe, if the troops of the Czar were to enter the French capital and dictate the abdication of the emperor. But Napoleon, deluded by a few ephemeral successes, revoked the powers to treat he had conferred on his minister, and again trusted his fortunes to war. He appears to have had in his mind the desperate case of Frederick the Great, and thought that by holding out to the last, some misunderstanding between his enemies might similarly effect his deliverance. The capitulation of Paris, however, left him no alternative but to abdicate. Metternich and Francis II. arrested their course at Dijon, thinking it unseemly to enter as victors the capital of a kingdom over which their daughter presided as regent. But the weak archduchess was reclaimed by her parent. It was represented to her that Napoleon was no Scipio; that he was indifferent to her person; that his affections were engrossed by other women; and, that for the sacrifice of an imperial throne which had been erected on the ruins of her house, she should have a principality in Italy. Maria Louisa had married the emperor, and not the man; but the Emperor was defunct, and it was for the honor of her house that she should assume the state of widowhood. Metternich belonged to a church which regards the marriage-bond as indissoluble, and which accords separation *a mensâ* only under certain very rigorous conditions; but by what casuistry he could reconcile it to his conscience, first, to throw a bait in a king's way and lead him to put away his wife, in order to accept the princess whom he offered, and then on a sudden reverse of fortune, which he had mainly conspired to bring about, to estrange the affections and detach the person of that princess from her husband, has, indeed, never been sufficiently explained to us.

By breaking up the family of Napoleon, even to the separation of the mother from the son, Metternich aimed at the extinction of the dynasty. He, however, felt insecure at the assignment of Elba to the fallen emperor as a principality, and represented how easily Napoleon might effect a landing on the adjacent coast, and upset all their fancied schemes of security. Indeed, the bare supposition of Bonaparte reassuming power in France was a terrible bugbear to Austria; for if the captive had once more got the house of Hapsburg within his grasp, that house would doubtless have paid the forfeit of its treachery by ignominious extinction.

Metternich, to set these hideous fears at rest, proposed St. Helena. But Alexander had pledged his word; Bonaparte had already entered upon his exile, and to change his retreat in the sunny waters of the Mediterranean for a solitary prison in the African ocean, would have been a breach of faith on the part of the contracting powers which would have roused the indignation of Europe. The object which Metternich sought was obtained through the realization of the very doubts which he feared. The eagerness of Napoleon to avail himself of the dissensions between Austria and Russia enabled Metternich to wrench the South of Italy from the hands of Murat, to confer the crown of Naples on a Bourbon viceroy, and to chain his chief adversary to that rock from which he continues to excite the sympathies of posterity.

Metternich was now in his element. The roar of cannon had ceased. Instead of contending with kings at the head of flaming armies, he had simply to sit in his curule chair with the maps of kingdoms at his feet, and arrange with a staff of diplomatists, of whom he was the acknowledged head, the future divisions of Europe. The spoil that was to fall to the lot of Austria he had taken care to secure by express stipulation as a reward for deserting the cause of Napoleon. Hardly without a word of dispute, Austria was allowed to resume her old frontiers from Bavaria and Wurtemberg, to seize Galicia, to appropriate the Tyrol, Italy, and Illyria. England, the most constant and inveterate of Napoleon's enemies, who had raised loans without number, and rushed into coalitions without thought; who had hunted Napoleon's marshals out of Spain; who had supplied the subsidies by means of which Alexander annihilated the old legions in their flight from Moscow, and Schwartzemberg struck down the new levies on the fields of Leipsic; — England, who had snatched the laurels of the final triumph at Waterloo, asked nothing for herself, and does not seem to have got the little she demanded for others. Castlereagh was instructed to propose the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont, and the extension of the line of Sardinia to the Adige. He was also to preserve the Duchy of Warsaw from the grasp of Russia. But Metternich allowed Russia to seize what remained of Poland, on condition of the Czar's acquiescence in his spoliation of Upper Italy. It required no great effort on the part of Metternich to convince Castlereagh that France, on the side of Italy, was sufficiently guarded by the Alps; that a Lombardo-Sardinian kingdom would interfere with Austrian preponderance in the peninsula; and that with Austria's preponderance in the peninsula

was bound up England's supremacy in the Mediterranean. Indeed, this part of the argument has, even in our day, lost none of its effect; and the party to which Castlereagh belonged can still produce no other reason than the same selfish appeal which convinced the judgment of that profound statesman, for damping the ardor of the English people in favor of Italian nationality.

The treaties of Vienna, though the most desperate efforts have been made by English diplomatists to embalm them as monuments of political wisdom, are fast becoming as dead as those of Westphalia. In fact, they should be got under ground with all possible despatch; for no compacts so worthless, so wicked, so utterly subversive of the rights of humanity, are to be found in the annals of nations. They reflect the tortuous policy of the minister who presided over their formation, who sought in them the aggrandizement of his country, and allowed no law, human or divine, to stand between him and that object; who, by their agency, arrested the growth of prosperity in other nations, that his own might flourish, and was content to establish the greatness of the dynasty which he served on the decay of civilization. Nations, no more than individuals, can reap any lasting benefits from each other's misfortunes. The international relation, to be of durable service, must be founded on the interchange of mutual benefits and the advancement of the general interests of humanity. A wise statesman would scorn empire based upon the privations of the governed and the degradation of conterminous states. But the fine sentiment of Fénelon, that he was a greater Frenchman than a Periguan, but a greater cosmopolitan than a Frenchman—a sentiment which ought to be inscribed in the cabinet of every minister—was completely inverted by Metternich. He was a greater imperialist than a cosmopolitan, and a greater Austrian than an imperialist; but there was none of the three he was not prepared to sacrifice for the interest of the single family of Hapsburg. Having decreed that the interests of that house were incompatible with the progress of humanity, he stoutly resolved that humanity should move backward. Italy and Poland were consigned to perdition. The great law of nationalities, so completely subverted in the consolidation of the Austrian empire, was attempted to be erased from the face of Europe. Russia wanted Finland; and therefore Sweden and Denmark must partake of the weakness of Austrian rule, and stretch their sceptre over conflicting races. Denmark, for giving up Norway to harass the Swedes, was indemnified by a democratic province of Germany, which has embowelled

its factitious parent in return. Ultramontane Belgium was thrown into the arms of evangelical Holland. The Poles resumed their old place under three masters. Alsace and Lorraine, formerly integral parts of Germany, might, united with Baden, to which they had close affinities, have formed a compact state. Both parties clamored for the union; but these provinces were overrun with liberal ideas, and would have assisted Baden to oppose Austrian despotism in the confederation: they were, therefore, annexed to France. The thirty-five German courts were dug up out of the past with scrupulous care, that Austria might stretch her giant bulk over their petty principalities, and awe them into quiet submission. The mediæval policy was restored in the Italian peninsula, and the people, in its fragmentary states, swept back to a worse condition than that in which they were at the commencement of the last century, that they might sympathize with the blessings of Austrian dominion. But the *animus* of the congress must be viewed in the dispute concerning Saxony, which Prussia endeavored to seize. Metternich had no love for the Bonapartist who wore its crown; but its annexation would have made Prussia a match for Austria: he therefore opposed the step on the ground of its injustice. For Prussia to seize Saxony would be robbing a monarch of his kingdom because he had kept the pledge which Prussia had given to Napoleon, as well as himself. Metternich had no objection that Prussia should seize a part, as a reward for the violation of her engagements. The glaring injustice of confiscating the whole did not apply to taking a slice, provided Prussia used her knife with moderation. Hardenberg replied for his kingdom by publishing tables containing the number of leagues of territory and amount of inhabitants which had been appropriated by Austria out of the spoils of the French empire; by showing that she had snatched more than fell to her share, and insisting upon the necessity Prussia was under to emulate her rapacity. Metternich did not attempt to question the validity of this line of argument, but simply busied himself in refuting the accuracy of the figures, and proving that Prussia had already seized as much of the spoil as himself. The fact is, the congress of Vienna was a mere scramble among Russia, Austria, and Prussia, for the numerous states which the fall of Napoleon left in a state of dissolution. National interests or political justice were only thought of to be violated. There, mutual concessions were only licences to inflict wrong. The whole of Metternich's future life was a constant struggle to perpetuate the very unnatural state into which he had

contrived to plunge the greater portion of Europe. When those efforts at last proved unavailing; when he saw each rafter of the system give way with a crash beneath the pressure of public opinion; when he heard the roar of French cannon amidst the jubilee of an entire people, announce the doom of his house in Italy—he must have had strong misgivings as to the worthlessness of the objects on which his life had been spent. He might have recurred to the far different results with which history had inspired the bright visions of his youth, when, beneath the sunny beeches of Strasburg, he deplored with Constant the retribution which a similar policy to his own had brought on the Spanish branch of Hapsburg, when he traced the effects of the same selfishness and intolerance he was about to practise in the downfall of Venice—in the servitude of the tetrarchy of states which divided Greece, and from the grave of Rome pointed at the spectre of Carthage.

The year 1814–15 was the busiest of Metternich's life. Besides presiding over a congress which, for the magnitude of the questions it discussed, is unrivalled in human annals, he had to construct a new federal union, and coerce the thirty-five conflicting interests of Germany, through the agency of an assembly hardly representing one-sixth of their number, into its adoption. The two works proceeded with equal step. One part of the morning was spent in sharp altercation with Hardenberg and Nesselrode, or in exchanging diplomatic assurances with Talleyrand: another in receiving deputations from the minor German states who had no deputies at the conclave, and establishing upon a most indisputable basis how much it was to their interest that they should club together their contingents, in order to place at the disposal of Austria a new army of three hundred thousand men. The oburgations of the liberal portion of the states were loud: their legates filled the antechamber of the minister, and clamored for guarantees, which he had to show were either useless or impracticable. Yet the task went swimmingly forward. The day after the treaties of Vienna received their final signatures, the new Germanic confederation was announced as part of the public law of Europe.

Metternich, in providing Germany with a new constitution, no less than at the congress, perverted a golden opportunity of achieving lasting benefits for a great section of his race into the purposes of Hapsburg aggrandizement; though many collateral advantages arose from his work, which he had the tact to put forward as the principal motives which impelled him to execute it. The resuscitation of the old German empire,

which Bonaparte had destroyed at Presburg, could have served no useful purpose. It gave Austria an empty title, but no real security, while it left Germany a prey to intestine divisions, which led great monarchs to involve her states in their quarrels, and turn her fields into an arena for the trial of the strength of their respective armaments. The lesser states, incapable of resisting the assaults of the greater, afforded only a bait to tempt their cupidity. Hence Germany, before the confederation, may be said to have been the battle-field of Europe: the coveted prize which either provoked its wars, or gave them a more fatal direction. Her territory formed a sort of debateable land, into which Gustavus Adolphus rushed to defend religious freedom, Frederick to anticipate the dreaded partition of Austria, and revolutionary France to convulse and overturn the world. It is not too much to say that, had Germany been united by a strong federal union, that the wars with the French empire would have been diminished of much of their virulence, and that the Thirty Years' War, and the Sicilian wars could never have been fought. For the belligerent states would not only have been restricted from attacking each other, but they would have thrown on their frontiers a colossal force, which, instead of being used for aggressive purposes, would have rolled the tide of war far from their territories, and operated to secure the peace of Europe. We in our own age have seen the effects of this military league; when, in 1831, Germany, wedged between France and the rest of Europe, prevented the great powers which flanked her territories from attacking each other; and when, hardly four months ago, an emperor, glutted with victory, was induced to sheath his sword on the plains of Solferino, through fear of provoking the hostility of a people who could send three hundred thousand men to defend their interests in the field. It has been frequently alleged, in extenuation of the treaties of Vienna, that they preserved the peace of Europe for forty-five years. But this is an egregious error. These treaties, in reality, have led Europe to the verge of numerous outbreaks; and if the flame has only smouldered in the crater, or been arrested after a sudden spurt of violence, the result is owing to the Germanic confederation.

But little credit is due to Metternich for turning the disruption which had previously been the great stimulant to European wars into a powerful organization for their repression. Had he not been in the way, Germany would have been environed by a military barrier as strong as he erected, while the internal relation of the states would have

secured independent action, and the problem of German unity been solved upon the basis of national representation, equal rights, homogeneous laws, and free institutions. The ground was already cleared, and the evils of the old state of things pointed so forcibly to their remedy, that the states would have been blind, indeed, had they not turned the occasion to account. But Metternich framed the provisions of the compact so artfully, as to place the interests of the states at the command of the two great military monarchies, and convert the resources they supplied for their external defence into a means of extinguishing the germ of constitutional ideas within the circle of the union. There was no executive, because there were no abiding laws for an executive to enforce. The Germans demanded what indeed had been repeatedly promised them for shedding their blood so profusely in the Napoleonic wars, a national government to regulate a federative compact, including a free commercial code, a common system of finance, a uniform body of legal jurisdiction, and a national army, which would not only throw a military girdle round their frontier, but protect the development of those free constitutions which the leading states had pledged themselves to inaugurate. They certainly got the army, but it was for a far different purpose to that on which they had fondly reckoned. That army served to guarantee the safety of the retrograde courts from the violence of their subjects in breaking their liberal pledges. It also enabled Metternich with the machinery which the articles of the Diet put into his hands, to restrict the press, and suppress those ardent longings for constitutional reform which each political outbreak in surrounding countries never failed to communicate to the sympathetic nature of the Germans. In 1826, when the Greek war of independence gave the first impulse to liberal tendencies in reorganized Europe; in 1831, when the overturning of a dynasty in Paris menaced Europe with another war of revolutionary propagandism; and again in 1835, when the Quadruple Alliance enkindled in the subjects of all liberal states a deep passion for representative institutions, Austria, in conjunction with Prussia, strained the articles of the Diet to meet the exigencies of the occasion, and prevent the spread of the ferment in Germany. Refractory journals were suppressed; foreign sheets of a liberal character prohibited, and the universities placed under galling restrictions. Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria protested: but the representatives of the liberal states were overpowered by the votes which Austria and her great military neighbor could always summon to their assistance. It was

at length discovered that, instead of a national confederation, Austria had palmed upon them a military league, which deprived them of the very advantages they had expected a national confederation to supply.

Metternich was not content with having a federal army at his disposal to crush the liberties of Germany, he wished to place Italy, for a similar purpose, under the same contribution. The Italian courts were invited to form a league with Austria, as possessor of Lombardo-Venetia, at their head, and raise a force to protect their mutual interests. In this sense the French emperor, in suggesting an Italian confederation, may be said only to repeat a phrase uttered by the great adversary of his house forty years before him. But, influenced by political jealousy, neither Victor Emmanuel I. nor Charles Felix would listen to the propositions of Metternich; and the other states were too weak and insignificant to raise a force of any account. But if a military league failed, Austria could march quite as easily to her object by another route. She constructed and enlarged fortresses by which a small garrison of troops could overawe surrounding populations, and entered into secret stipulations with the Italian princes to occupy their territories when any outbreak, actual or suspected, menaced the policy of absolutism in the peninsula. Thus, the famous quadrangle, the fortifications of the Adige, the citadels of Ancona and Venice, the fortresses of Piacenza and Modena, show in what spirit Austria was inclined to uphold her influence in Italy, and meet the progressive requirements of a people. Her position in Lombardo-Venetia, which Mr. Layard has not inaptly compared to that of an enemy encamped in a hostile country, would doubtless have necessitated these preparations, but the possession of Lombardo-Venetia was a bauble in comparison with the objects Metternich proposed by these measures to accomplish. His objects were nothing less than the conversion of all the courts in the peninsula into so many satrapies of Vienna, and the direction of the ecclesiastical interests of the whole of Catholic Europe; and these objects he not only achieved, but enjoyed up to a few months of his fall. From 1815 to 1846 there was not a prince in Italy who did not feel that if Metternich withheld his hand, his throne would obey the laws of equilibrium as quickly as any other object whose supports were withdrawn; and during the same period the reactionary policy of the Vatican was protected by the Austrian chancellor against the protests of the united diplomacy of Europe.

Had the Italian courts joined the league which Metternich proposed, they might have

secured some shadow of independence; but being left disunited to form their own terms with Austria; their isolation left them entirely at her disposition. Hence from the onset Metternich treated them far more cavalierly than any of the princes of Germany. Having no force by which they could keep their subjects in subjection but those drawn from Austria, he imagined the princes of Italy were her peculiar property, and could be deposed or set up according as it suited her convenience. When the young king whom he had placed upon the throne of Naples wished to be informed what course Austria would take in the event of his yielding to the clamors of his people for a constitution, Metternich quietly replied he would send an army to depose him. The trial for which Austria made such artful preparations soon ensued. Naples rose and forced Ferdinand to inaugurate the required reforms. Metternich summoned the representatives of Prussia, France, and Russia to Laybach, to enforce the principles of the Holy Alliance. From Laybach they adjourned to Troppau, in order to be nearer the scene of action, and invited Ferdinand to attend their council. That monarch could only allege constraint in extenuation of the step he had taken. The congress placed at his disposal an Austrian force, and sent him back to hang up the revolutionary leaders, and tear the constitution to pieces. The example of Naples, and the abdication of Victor Emmanuel, inspired Sardinia to make similar demands. The crown prince, Carignano, in the absence of Charles Felix, proclaimed the new constitution from his palace windows. The congress despatched another Austrian force to Turin, who dealt with the new constitution as expeditiously as their colleagues had done with that at Naples. The crown prince sought safety in flight to a foreign land. The abettors of the liberal movement were either summarily shot, or met with a lingering death in the dungeons of Mantua or Spielberg. Similar efforts to establish representative institutions, some years afterwards, in Parma, Modena, and the Legations, met with the same repression. Austria having restored the obsolete despotisms, fenced them round with her bayonets, by the military occupation of their territories. The class of men hunted down in these tumults were not mere stump orators, but scholars and statesmen who would have done honor to antiquity. Their features are reflected in the critical labors of Foscolo and Panizzi, and in the exquisite pathos of Pellico and Maroncelli.

The insurrection of Spain, which had, according to Metternich, incited the commo-

to its maturity,* and the rise of the Greeks against the Ottoman, soon excited uneasiness among the European courts, which another congress, in conformity with the principles of the Holy Alliance, met at Verona to dispel. The Cortes, by seizing Ferdinand, hindered him from following the example of his Neapolitan cousin, and furnished a pretext to the allied powers for sending a French army to Madrid. But opposition came from a quarter whence the congress least expected it. England, though in the hands of Tory ministers, was represented at the foreign office by a statesman guided by public opinion. Metternich, instead of leaning on the support of a sleek epicure, reeking with the fumes of the preceding night's debauch, found himself confronted by a figure pale with intellectual vigils, who opposed every line of his policy, who loudly condemned the periodic meetings of courts of monarchs to prescribe laws to other nations, and fixed limits to their pretensions in this instance, which he defied them to surpass without encountering the hostility of England. This language was quite new to Metternich. He had seen England most eager to promote kindly confederacies against the revolutionary governments of France. He had seen her load herself with debt to impose upon the French people a government, the last they would have chosen, had they been unfettered in their choice. He therefore averred that, while most anxious to get rid of revolutions which menaced our own safety, we did not in the least object to those which imperilled the existence of our neighbors. But in this impeachment he lost sight of two principles, one of which he might have taken home to himself. The England which Pitt and Canning represented were two different entities. Pitt was the mouth-piece of a class whose fortunes were sunk in the war. Canning flung himself upon the broad interests of the nation. Tierney and Fox doubtless thought, in opposing Pitt in 1798 and in 1800, they were as much the exponents of England as their great antagonist, and would have had a much larger following had parliament reflected the national sentiment. Canning now was only compelling a Tory cabinet to adopt the great principles which the Whig leaders enunciated a quarter of a century before, and in doing so, received the warmest support of their successors. Metternich attributed the inconsistency of a party to a people whom that party misrepresented. Besides, the case comprised something more than the simple putting down of a revolution. It involved the change of a

* Despatch to Chateaubriand.—*Congress of Verona*, vol. i. p. 125.

policy resolutely persevered in for a century. England had buried two armies in Flanders, and strewed the Mediterranean with the wreck of five hostile armaments in order to hinder the union of Spanish and French councils. If in the recent contest we had spent one hundred and fifty millions to get Napoleon out of Spain, it was quite as much in pursuit of our old policy of preventing the French court from dictating at Madrid, as from any dread of the menaces of an ambitious usurper. Was England now to expend her energies in bringing about that very alliance of two despotic crowns which she had spent the blood and crippled the resources of four generations to prevent? Metternich should have remembered the defeat of Almanza, and the united glories of Zaragoza. He might have remembered that the policy of England with respect to Spain aimed at the ascendancy of his own house; and that Austria had fought with England, and put forward her best energies to sustain it. But Metternich was too much over-riden by the anti-constitutional furor to perceive that inconstancy was a taunt the least applicable to England, and the foremost of the numerous reproaches to which he exposed his country.

In the differences between the Greeks and the Porte, and the bearings of the quarrel upon the interests of surrounding states, Metternich displayed a more keen-sighted judgment than any cotemporary statesman. If he did not attempt to solve the eastern problem, if he left the fate of European Turkey, with all its complications, to be decided by his successors, he at all events drew the attention of European governments to many elements in the business which they seemed disposed to overlook. The Greeks he treated as *carbonari*, not simply because they were in arms against their rulers, though that probably would have been enough for him; but because he viewed in them the agents of a despotism which was not very congenial to his own. The motive of Russia in the Greek war was as plain to Metternich as that of a cat when it goes into the dairy. But Mr. Canning was a simple-hearted man, and even took monarchs for what they represented themselves to be, when their language coincided with his sentiments. He saw one despotism wishing to ally itself with constitutionalism in order to oppose another despotism which was coquetting with revolution; and he thought the occasion should be turned to the advantage of constitutionalism. He therefore embarked the fortunes of this country in a cruise for Russian interests, and steered the vessel of the state upon rocks from which she was only rescued by a marvellous chapter of po-

litical accidents and a Titanic struggle. But the errors of Canning were not peculiar to the minister. While seeking to realize the dreams he cherished at Eton and Christchurch, he was carrying out a policy which answered the demands of the foremost spirits of his time, and satisfied the prejudices of his country.

The current against the Turks had set in so strong in England, as to seem to partake of that animosity which helped Conrad over the walls of Askalon, and urged Richard to storm the turrets of Acre. From the days when Catherine drove the Turks out of the Ukraine, and chased them across the Euxine, every class of English politicians had regarded the Russian legions in the light of heroic Crusaders. Their armaments against the Turks were so many spontaneous offerings of a gallant nation at the shrine of civilization. Even so advanced a statesman as Burke very comfortably denounced the Turks as barbarians, with whom no terms ought to be kept, and urged that it was our duty to assist in the work of their extermination.* Fox, also, in exchanging compliments with Catherine II., could eulogize her as the chastiser of a race of savages who had proved the pest of Eastern Europe. The struggles of the Greeks, while awakening the remembrance of traditions which reflected shame on their degeneracy, gave these virulent feelings a far more powerful direction. The revolt must be fed with arms and accoutrements. The Russians must be stimulated to send an army to the Balkan. Our fleet, united to that of the arch-enemy of the sultan, must anchor beneath his seraglio. The time had at length arrived when the Musselmén were even to be driven across the Tigris, and pursued to their original settlements in *Crim-Tartary*. The destruction of the Ottoman navy at Navarino, and the capture of Adrianople which followed these measures, were esteemed national blessings. *Hobhouse* and *Macintosh* spoke in the Commons as if they were on the point of proposing a national thanksgiving;† and Holland, in the Lords, thought the time had come for every freeman to rejoice over the grave of Turkish power in Europe. It is to the credit of Metternich that he opened the eyes of our statesmen to the precipice on which they were dancing with such blind security. England by him was taught to regard the little kingdom she had planted round the Athenian Acropolis as the vanguard of a despotism not less savage than the sultan's, and which threatened to replace the sluggish friendship of his alliance by a vigilant hostility most fatal to her interests. Turkey at once became as much an object of our fostering care

* Hansard, 1784. † Hansard, Feb. 14, 1828.

as it had been of our relentless hostility. He stopped the march of Diebitch on Constantinople. He induced the cabinet of Wellington to place itself between the Russian general and the Porte, and to assist him in reducing those pretensions which, if ceded in their full extent, would have placed the Ottoman dominions at the feet of their savage adversary. In the case of Mehemet Ali, he rescued the Porte from the clutches of an audacious vassal backed by the support of France. During the Crimean invasion it was the fashion to decry Austria for her supineness in the war. But it was forgotten that the contest owed its commencement to her admonitions; that the Russians had crossed the Pruth in 1828, with the encouraging smiles of British statesmen; and that, had it not been for the counsels of the statesman who was the prop of her House, Russia, instead of encountering the hostility, would have been carried in the arms of England to the gates of Constantinople.

The events which led to the second downfall of the Bourbon dynasty were not unappreciated by Metternich, though the consequences of their success took a direction which he failed to anticipate. It is singular that the success of the French court in their Spanish politics should in two succeeding reigns have committed the government to a despotic policy which stimulated a popular reaction, and led them to evince that overweening confidence and recklessness in their measures which overturned the throne. Metternich, who went to the French capital in 1825, to recruit his wife's health, was himself a witness of the violent acrimony with which the measures of the Villele ministry was assailed by the press, and the power which the press exercised over the minds of the people. That power, in Metternich's eyes, seemed to dwarf the authority of the minister, and made him exclaim, were he not prime minister of Austria, he would be a journalist at Paris. The restrictive measures which followed upon his return to Vienna he approved, but intimated to the government his fears that they were proceeding too quickly. Were Polignac more alarmed, he avowed to the French envoy, he would be less alarmed. With his habitual prescience, he flung reinforcements into Italy, made the tackle of his government tight, and prepared for the worst. When the blow fell, he received Louis Philippe's ambassador with good grace; the discovery of Charles X.'s complicity with Russia's scheme of Turkish spoliation having somewhat mollified his antipathy to a throne erected upon barricades. Metternich might reasonably abate some little of his hatred for liberal government, in presence of a despotism which he had raised from the

dust, conspiring with another despotism in order to eat up their mutual ally and protector. He, nevertheless, ventured to offer Louis Philippe some advice about the necessity of returning to a conservative policy, little dreaming, when that monarch came to act upon it, that he would not only secure his own fall, but drag down his adviser along with him.

There was, however, a revolution which, as it was bloodless, and not accompanied by the roar of cannon and glistening bayonets, almost escaped his attention. Yet that revolution, in its consequences, proved far more momentous to the world and more fatal to his system than the vaunted insurrection at Paris. Political power in England had passed from the hands of a clique into the hands of the nation. The Whigs, after an eternity of wandering, had returned to Downing-street. The foreign relations of the country, as well as its internal politics, were to undergo complete revision. No mercy was to be shown to despots. There was to be a regular crusade in favor of constitutional governments. And, in truth, the condition of Europe presented ample field for speculation. Central Italy had risen against its rulers: Poland was skirmishing with Russia: Belgium was in deadly strife with Holland: Portugal was endeavoring to cast out Don Miguel; and Spain was in the throes of a convulsion produced by family feud and a change in the order of succession. It was evident Metternich would have to fight a tough battle in defence of every outpost of his policy. We divided Belgium from Holland: we lifted Donna Maria to the throne of Portugal: we tore out the sixth clause in the Treaty of Utrecht to keep Don Carlos from the throne of Spain: we got even Russia and France to unite with us in pressing reforms on the Papal government at the accession of Gregory. On every one of these points, except the last, Metternich was irretrievably beaten. He brought all his tactics into play, at one time employing open force, at another having recourse to artful disguise and secret machination. He upheld the old abuses in Italy openly at the bayonet's point. He supplied Miguel and Carlos with money, with ammunition, with Austrian engineers. He even endeavored, with that concord so characteristic of despotisms, to slip an Austrian archduke, under liberal colors, on the throne of Poland, to the disparagement of Russia; but the Whigs, who probably knew what such promises were worth, or deeming the proposition—what it most likely was—a feint to detach England from her temporary understanding with Nicholas, and throw an apple of discord into the Congress then sitting in London, rejected the overture with

the mercantile announcement that their hands were too full to attend to the business. Poland—we write the phrase in tears—was abandoned. But the whigs of the Reform era had achieved great results. They had inverted the whole tory line of our foreign policy: they had accomplished the work which Tierney and Fox had foreshadowed, and which Canning had begun: they had enthroned constitutional politics in Europe: they had laid the foundations of that system of which to-day we behold such grand results in the achievement and consolidation of the freedom of that nation to which Europe is indebted for its first lessons in refinement: they, moreover, to secure the expansion of their work and perpetuate its fruits, invited the contracting powers to enter into mutual guarantees, and placed it under the shelter of the Quadruple Alliance. Metternich, who was surprised to find a party, whom he was taught by their opponents to regard as the tools of a bureaucracy, giving away kingdoms, subverting dynasties, and reparceling out Europe, upon principles so utterly inconsistent with his notions of propriety, had recourse to his usual specific, and called a congress. He invited the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Russia to meet him at Muntzgrazten, with a view to concert measures to place some check on the dangerous spread of constitutional ideas in Europe. But the assemblage which met in the little Bohemian town was only a shadow of those over which Metternich had presided with such prestige at Verona and Vienna: and the veteran diplomatist must have had some glimpse of the desperate straits to which absolutism was reduced, when he found its security rested upon his collusion with an emperor whom he distrusted and a monarch whom he despised.

The separation of Holland from the Netherlands, which threw down the northern rampart against France, and the restoration of the female line to the crown of Spain, have been severely impugned by Tory reactionists as destructive to the true interests of England, and entirely subversive of those great objects which our ancestors lavished their blood and treasure to attain in the great war of the succession. The accession of the present emperor to the throne of France has surrounded the invectives of this party with a specious solidity, and enabled their historian, with increased plausibility, to turn the dissemination of constitutional doctrines into national calamities by which the Whigs have achieved the ruin of foreign countries, and undermined the security of their own. But these gentlemen reason as Tories always have reasoned; as Charles I. reasoned before he invaded the Lower House

to seize the five members; as James II. reasoned when he imprisoned the seven bishops for refusing to read the declaration of indulgence. They reason as if princes still continued to be every thing, and their people nothing: they reason as if there were no other controlling agent in Europe than the decrees of monarchs, and as if those decrees were still regarded as the fiat of Heaven by trembling nations waiting with the dumb pusillanimity of sheep to be pinned up and fleeced, or led out to the slaughter, as it suited their convenience. They also proceed upon the assumption that the human mind has stood still for the last hundred and fifty years; that the foreign policy which was necessary in the days of Queen Anne has lost not a particle of its necessity in the days of Victoria. But the fact is, dynastic unions, which exercised so much influence a century ago, have ceased to be the preponderating motive in the alliance of states. That motive is now supplied by the complexional character of national institutions. When constitutional government was little known on the continent, when it was in its infancy in England, it was, indeed, a very great matter for the Spanish despotism to amalgamate itself with the French despotism to crush that constitution. But when one or both of these countries possessed a free government, then the alliance or fusion of the courts would have remained powerless for mischief in the face of two peoples either united by free laws, or separated by antagonist institutions. Prussia is a far more powerful nation than Spain. Its religion and the character of its people are more in unison with the religion and the character of the people of England than those of Spain are with the French. It is also within the limits of probability, owing to the clause in the Bill of Succession, which practically limits the marriage contracts of the house of Brunswick to Germany, that at some not very distant period the possessors of the Prussian and English crowns may find themselves in the closest possible affinity to each other. Yet who ever heard, on that account, of a whisper that there was the least danger of the two nations conspiring to interfere with the well-being of their neighbors, or to destroy the peace or the liberties of Europe. With what ridicule Russia or France would have covered themselves if they had interfered at the late nuptials of the Princess Royal with one who may already be considered the Crown Prince of Prussia, and insisted upon the insertion of a clause in the marriage articles to provide against so absurd a contingency. Is it for one moment to be supposed, had the Prince Regent, who now guides affairs at Berlin been the consort of the Queen of these

realms, and had he drawn the sword of Prussia in defence of Austrian claims in Italy, that he would have dragged us into the contest, unless to prevent him from committing so revolting an injustice? The supposition of such a conjecture is not more improbable than that a drunken termagant should, at the beck of a foreign consort ally a free people with the worst policy of French despotism, and in collapsed, but regenerated Spain, mould a thunderbolt, to be launched against the shores of its liberators. The alliance was tried by Louis Phillippe: but in turning it to the account of only a moderate conservative policy, his crown snapped in twain. In comparing the political aspect of the present century with those of the centuries preceding it, we are not without hope for humanity. There has been great struggle, but there also has been great progress. It is true that two gentlemen in Hessian boots may yet meet in a little hut, and, during five minutes' conversation dispose of the strife of nations; but the growth of free states, as we have lately witnessed in Italy, has crumpled up their decisions as so much waste paper. No longer the intrigues of courts, or a family alliance, or the caprices of princes, can regulate the movements of European policy. The co-operation of states rests upon the broad basis of the character of their people, their community of social feeling, and identity of political interests. The selfish compact of courts, as means either of despotic attack or defence, must be henceforward as the relics of an obsolete age placed by the side of that mailed cuirass and ponderous battle-axe which comprised the principal weapons of those generations who regarded such alliances as the great arbiters of their destinies. To expose ourselves to the influence of a contiguous despotism in order to provide against the dangers springing from such compacts, would be as foolish an anachronism as to incur the attacks of a powerful body of artillery while we fortified our ramparts against the battering-ram and the ballista.

But the features of the Whig Spanish policy is not as the Tories, whose indictment we have considered, would represent it. The Grey cabinet did not surrender a policy which had furnished any adequate security for the uncertain advantages of a new government; but they abandoned a policy which had proved utterly worthless, in order to prevent two despotisms from encumbering the people of the peninsula, and menacing our interests in the Mediterranean. No one pretends that the treaty of Utrecht ever prevented that union of the French and Spanish interests which it was mainly designed to achieve. From the day that treaty was rati-

fied, throughout the whole of the last century, the two courts had conspired to render it a dead letter. In diplomatic conferences the two crowns had only one voice: their ambassadors at St. James' were each other's mouth-piece: their armies marched together in the field; their fleets encountered ours side by side in the Mediterranean. They blockaded the English fleet under Danby, at Portsmouth. Wherever the English sailor saw the Toulon corvette or the Brest frigate, there was the inevitable Spanish four-decker, with its fearful array of portholes, threatening at a whiff to sweep him off his own element. Had the two crowns been united by a marital tie, some jealous pique, or discrepancy of humor, might at moments, have suspended this marvellous unanimity. But, as matters stood, it proceeded upon principle so inflexible as to induce the belief that the two governments had sworn to peril their existence to maintain it. This, doubtless, was the case. The Whigs, therefore, in tearing up the treaty of Utrecht, gave up nothing but a blundering piece of diplomacy, by which the Tories had frustrated the results of the Marlborough wars, and which had produced the very object it was intended to defeat. They also secured our interests at Lisbon. For it is not to be supposed that, had Don Carlos mounted the throne of Spain our Portuguese relations would have continued on their former friendly footing. The option of the Whigs lay on one side between a worthless guarantee and two despotisms bristling with hostility to English interests; and on the other, two constitutional governments, which, while strengthening the foreign alliances of England, would serve as an outpost to liberty along the southern coast of the Mediterranean. We not only think the Whigs were wise in making the election they did, but that, had they proceeded in the path their adversaries pointed out, they ought to have been indicted for high treason. For in the supposition that the opposite course had been followed, what would have been the case now? Instead of three despotisms dominating over Europe, there would have been five. Two of them would have possessed the naval arsenals of the Mediterranean, and another would have guarded the outlet. Would not the brains of those gentlemen who affect to cry out against the policy which has averted this disaster, drop down into their stomachs at that fall in the funds which must have been entailed by the prospect of the seizure of Gibraltar, and of our exclusion from the seaboard of Turkey and Egypt? Party interests have their legitimate sphere in the subjection of doubtful questions to the ordeal of ephemeral conflicts; but they ought never to be allowed to

assail the triumph of those great principles which form the outworks of the constitution. No discordant voice ought to be heard when the glory of the country is not only enhanced, but placed on securer foundations. But least of all should a historian attempt to cover with opprobrium a policy which future generations will regard as constituting the pride and honor of England, and place his invective on enduring tablets, that he may blast the glory it was his duty to preserve.

The severance of Belgium and Holland is included in the general case as constituting, since the restoration of the Napoleonic dynasty, a monopoly of blunders which ought to overwhelm the Whigs with confusion. But we are so obtuse as to be unable to appreciate this part of the argument. Is it supposed that two countries which were perpetually at strife can be less strong by applying their undivided energies to a generous rivalry in the arts of peace, than by wasting their energies in petty conflicts? It is supposed that a nation quarrelling with itself is a stronger rampart to set up against a united empire than two nations rejoicing in their own integrity, and resolved to strain every fibre to secure their independence? As the most tempting bait that could be offered to the cupidity of a powerful neighbor would be the constant strife of two people on its borders, we should have deemed the most effectual means of extending French dominion to the banks of the Scheldt would have consisted in perpetuating the very rampart which the Whigs are accused of flinging down. Had the Belgians been indifferent to their independence, the clamor against the Whig policy would not have been entirely devoid of meaning. But in 1790 she had wrung her liberties by force of arms from Austria, and erected herself into a separate state under the name of the Seven United Provinces. If Austria subsequently reconquered these saucy tributaries, on the very first occasion they deserted her sceptre, to fling themselves into the arms of her enemies. In 1792, and again in 1794, the population of the Belgic cities, singing the *Ca ira*, went forth to join the ranks of Dommouriez and Pichegru, that they might have an opportunity of paying the Austrians for the recent extinction of their freedom. Metternich's father, writing to Lord Cornwallis, calls this fraternization the wildest desolation of the time. How absurd to expect that the Belgians, who would not coalesce with the Austrians, to whom they were united by ties of social sentiment and religion, would cherish greater sympathy for a race whose manners and religion they ridiculed! If the Austrians, to whom they were united by traditional feelings and historic associations,

could not keep them from the French, to expect the Dutch to do so, a people whom they hated and despised, was little short of madness. The Whigs, therefore, in consulting the natural instincts of this people, gave them a constitution to be proud of, and franchises to fight for, instead of that rotten union which would have invited the attacks of an inconstant ally, and led them to fraternize with the first belted Gaul who appeared on their frontiers. Nor should we have heard a word of censure on the subject, were it not that the erection of a Belgian throne founded upon a successful street fight, gave umbrage to the party who have ever maintained that the people are the last persons to be consulted either with respect to the character of their rulers, or the nature of their constitutions. It was sufficient to provoke the warmest indignation of these gentlemen that the inauguration of Belgian independence held out a prize to successful revolution, and completely quashed, in a most important instance, the mandate of those lofty personages with whom alone, according to them, remains the right of deciding how this globe is to be parcelled out and governed. The clamor we have been considering is nothing else but the old Tory maxim of divine right tricked out in the specious garb of anti-Gallic prejudice, to secure the sympathies of Englishmen. But in this case the argument is as bad as the principle it defends. It is the argument that a discordant union of incongruous elements furnishes a greater bulwark against foreign invasion, than an alliance founded on the mutual guarantee of respective rights. Even if these gentlemen have no respect for the charters by which they enjoy their own liberties, it might at least have been supposed that the essential principles of that Christianity for which they profess so much reverence, would have led them to interpose between the feuds of two conflicting people, and taught them, since they could not agree to husband their strength by separate action, that when the moment came in which their common liberties were imperilled, they might unite their forces and strike for their independence.

But the trumpet of Tory politics, with regard to foreign constitutionalism, has come of late, by the fusion of parties, and the growing sympathies of the people for the liberation of oppressed nationalities, to deliver a very uncertain sound. While we are gibbeting the carcass of this rotten system, and preparing its tomb, the spirit transmigrates and suddenly assumes another appearance. It appears now that the danger which the Whigs have to fear is not from the reckless assaults of their adversaries, so

much as from that masked disguise of concurrence by which they seek to injure their measures under the cloak of patronizing them. In truth, the Tories have been brought to regard this subject, as they have come to regard every thing else, with praise or blame according as it suits their convenience. While their historian is writing rhapsodies in Lanarkshire against the pursuit of a foreign constitutional policy, their parliamentary leaders on public forums are expressing their sympathy with that foreign constitutional policy. In writing within doors their favor is bountifully dispensed to Austria; when speaking on the platform, their warmest feelings are with Italy. It is the same course which Mr. Disraeli, who is the archetype of this sort of conduct, followed when he published an anonymous satire on foreign constitutional liberty,* at the same time that he placarded the walls of Marylebone with a glowing panegyric on that constitutional liberty which he solicited the suffrages of that borough to represent. The country has recently been gravely assured by a party which has systematically reviled the foreign policy of its opponents during the last thirty years, that with respect to that foreign policy there can be no difference between them; and that, however much they may diverge on minor questions, yet where the foreign interests of the nation are concerned, they can only entertain one opinion. The recent fusion of parties has tended very much to screen the absurdity of these statements by placing them to some extent under the shelter of the Whigs themselves. When the Earl of Aberdeen, as head of a coalition cabinet, gravely assured the Lords that the question of liberalism and conservatism involved a distinction without a difference—that all the acrimonious wrangling between him and the present premier with respect to the foreign relations of England was a worthless logomachy, a Whig underling thought he would do his party great service by establishing the thesis, and issued a ponderous volume to prove that the Tory efforts in favor of foreign despotisms, and the Whig efforts in favor of foreign liberty, were only mutual parts of one consistent and harmonious policy.† The Whigs are in the position of a beleaguered body, who while their best troops were defending their outposts, introduced disguised enemies into their camp to effect their overthrow. Nay,

the folly of some of the party has gone so far as to force their antagonists into their own clothes, until the bewildered nation, when appealed to, hardly knows how to choose its friends from its enemies. During the late elections, the country was entreated not to intrust the work of reform to a party who, whatever might be their present professions, had spent their lives in checking its advance. We must confess our fears lay in another direction, and that we dreaded their continuance in power because we knew of their secret sympathies with Austrian preponderance in Italy; because we knew, that golden harvest, the seeds of which the Whigs had watered and planted, and which already stands ripe, inviting the sickle of the reaper, would, if intrusted to them, be trampled down; because we knew that the shackles imposed by the Italian courts would again have been riveted on their subjects, in order to slacken the ardor for legislative improvements at home; because we knew that the ecclesiastical abuses on the banks of the Tiber would have been perpetuated to afford some covert for the ecclesiastical abuses on the banks of the Thames; because we knew that the sparks of that vitality which, between the Alps and the Adriatic, is kindling into a new national life, would have been murderously stifled, and that the spirit of Italian liberty, like the ghost of Palinurus, would have again shrieked round the rocks of Misenò!

Had the identity of the Tory with the Whig system of foreign politics been established in the same manner as a similar attempt to prove the convergency of their home politics, by piecing together the acts of different epochs, some kind of a case might have been made out: but even this would have been by no means strong. In 1703, the Whigs supported Marlborough to humble Louis XIV. In 1810, the Tories supported Wellington to humble Napoleon. In the succession wars, the Tories clamored against the system of foreign subsidies and reckless coalitions. The Whigs, during the revolutionary wars, had recourse to similar invective. But here the analogy ends. In every other instance, previous to the resuscitation of the old Tory principles under Bute, both parties seem to have adopted those views with regard to English foreign relations, which were most calculated to damage their adversaries, but with widely different results. The Tories forced the Whigs under Walpole into the Spanish war, about the Assiento contracts and the right of search, in which we reaped nothing but dishonor; while they quarrelled with Chatham for sending Wolfe to the heights of Quebec, to cover the nation with glory. But there is this great clue to

* *England and France* is the title of the work, which was published by Murray about the period alluded to. A certain Baron de Hæber, who had been Don Miguel's banker, supplied the facts. But there can be no question about the parentage.

† *Thirty Years of Foreign Policy*. By the Author of *Disraeli; a Political Biography*.

the seeming discrepancy of the general case, that while the Tories had recourse to Whig principles to attack liberty, the Whigs took occasional shelter in Tory principles to preserve it. Before the accession of George III., the means of both parties were often the same, but the motives invariably opposite. But since Bute refused to anticipate the dreaded junction of Spain with France, at the request of Chatham, both the motives and the means have been invariably opposite. The same hatred of despotism which induced the Whigs in 1695 to strengthen the prerogative and rush into coalitions, to preserve the country from the tyranny of the Stuarts, induced the Whigs in 1800 to oppose a similar course of action to preserve France from the tyranny of the Bourbons. The same hostility to freedom which led the Tories to extend the orders of council at the expense of the American colonies, induced them to restrict those orders when the Georges wished to obtain German securities against the Pretender. In one case it was the means of despotism to secure liberty. In the other, the means of liberty to secure despotism. But in the interim, whether we consider the attempt to enslave the western states of America, or the establishment of the liberties of the southern; the restoration of a Bourbon to the throne of France, or the hunting of a Bourbon from that of Spain; the support of a tyrant on the throne of Portugal, or the pulling of the same tyrant down; in every respect the two policies have been as distinct as light from darkness.

Indeed, it would appear, as the Conservatives have appropriated the doctrines of their adversaries on home questions, the Whigs have been more zealous in promoting liberal institutions abroad, with a view of retaining the sympathies of the Radical party at home. Hence, it would not be too much to say that, where their principles are concerned, even in points of detail, the Opposition of the two lines of policy have become so sharply defined, that the affirmation of one leads to the contradiction of the other. The Whigs fitted out ships at Portsmouth to assail Don Miguel. The Tories threatened to seize those who hired ships for the same purpose as prisoners of war. The Whigs allowed Louis Phillippe to carry off Don Miguel's fleet to Brest. The Tories interposed at Oporto to protect his slightest fishing-smack. The Whigs persisted in treating Miguel as a usurper. The Tories urged his recognition as lawful king.* The Whigs aid the equipment of a British legion to defend the Spanish constitution against Don Carlos. The Tories denounce that British legion as a force of brigandary

hir:lings, and characterize the abrogation of the sixth clause of the treaty of Utrecht as an atrocious violation of the public law of Europe. The Whigs, by adroit procrastination in the Sonderbund war, hindered the absolute powers from compelling the fifteen radical states to place the interests of the confederation at the disposal of seven conservative states. The Tories threw in their lot with those reactionary states, and stigmatized the Whig delay as an infraction of the first duty of diplomacy. On each of these points Metternich hailed the Tories as his friends, while he encountered in the Whigs his most determined adversaries. When the policy of this country coincided with that of Austria, England was in the hands of the Tories: when it differed from that policy, it was in the hands of the Whigs. Even in the matter of commercial restriction, the Whigs either abrogated or diminished the duties on French silk and fruits, bringing the apples of Provence within reach of the poorest inhabitant of Spitalfields. The Tories imposed those duties, even laying an embargo on foreign pears and cherries, as if the orchards of Kent and Middlesex were the gardens of the Hesperides. When in geometry straight lines which diverge in opposite directions can be made to coincide or produced till they meet, then we may not despair of a similar feat being performed in political philosophy. But there is something more in this business than speculative rights or material prosperity. Great lives have been sacrificed, and great reputations assailed. When Canning revolutionized South America; when he planted the banner of England on the heights of Lisbon; when he stood between dead Spain and living Portugal, and bade the plague of despotism be stayed, — his Tory colleagues turned their friendship into hatred, and hunted him to his grave. And it is still in our recollection how, when the now thriving plant of foreign freedom was in its blade, when storms seemed to menace its growth, the present premier, being identified with every fibre of the system, was assailed with all the arrows of invective which the party who had killed his predecessor could, during four long nights' debate, discharge at his breast. Those who place Aberdeen or Malmesbury in the same category as Palmerston, must mate Castle-reagh with Canning, Fox with Perceval, Bute with Chatham, Bolingbroke with Walpole, and Shippen with Carteret. They must place the policy of Metternich by the side of the policy of Cavour. They must in parliamentary debates invert all the relations of language: for concord they must take strife; for affirmation, denial; for panegyric, vituperation. They must draw out an in-

* Aberdeen, Speech on the Affairs of Portugal, March, 1834. Hansard.

dictment of murder against a party for killing a statesman for venturing to execute their own behests; they must behold the same party endeavor to hurl his successor down the Tarpeian of public indignation for acts which, according to their showing, merited a triumphal chariot and a civic crown!

But Italy is the field in which the two policies stand out in glaring contrast. If we would know the distinction between Whig and Tory principles, we must not take our seat under the gallery at Westminster, but mingle with the clever Tuscans and the facetious Modenese, who, however much, just now, we may be perplexed at home about such matters, are not without a lively perception of the difference. If we would discount the value of those professions of zeal in behalf of constitutional freedom in Italy which the Tories have lately been so much in the habit of using, we must contrast the Blue-book on Italy issued in 1849, with the Blue-book issued in 1859, and trace the difference between a genuine article and its base counterfeit. We must take the Manchester politician, who has become so enamored of Lord Malmesbury's recent efforts as to prove false to the first partner of his principles, and ask him, as Hamlet invited his fickle mother, to gaze upon this medallion, then on that. In the first place, the Tories gave Austria Lombardy, without so much as a paper stipulation for its liberty. They allowed Metternich, in 1819, to stifle in blood constitutional freedom at Naples and Piedmont, without so much as a paper protest. All that Castlereagh averred at Laybach was that England was prevented by her laws from assisting in the business; but this assseveration was made in such a manner as showed that he and his colleagues wished the work good speed. The Tories allowed Metternich to spread that network of treaties over the peninsula which linked each state to the car of his master's despotism. They looked on with supine indifference as Austria transferred her troops from Rome to Naples, or from Piedmont to Parma, according as the suspicions of the prince, or the actual rising of the people, required their benign interference. They beheld Austria extinguish the Modenese constitution in 1846, with the same nonchalant feelings as if she had been appointed to do so by the same marvellous destiny which sometimes conducts them back to Downing Street. There was no protest, because the entire thing was completely in accordance with those genuine Tory principles which enforce upon the people unconditional submission to their prince, as the ruler whom God has placed over them. To protest against a friendly power being called in to aid princes to effect that submis-

sion, would, according to Tory principles, have been tantamount to protesting against the sun because that luminary rises at six during the vernal equinox and not at seven, or because he glows with more ardor when he passes through Libra than when he passes through Aries.

Even in Earl Malmesbury's case, when the sympathies of the nation were fully roused in favor of Italian nationality, the disguise of neutral Liberalism which the minister assumed, to keep in with the national sentiment, was so poorly worn, as to be unable to conceal the skin of the Austrian which peeped out every moment under it. Sardinia was lectured for holding out encouragement to the Italian patriots. France was implored to lower her demands, and bring them as much within range of Austria's acceptance as possible, though every one of those demands was perfectly rational, and ought to have been extorted from Austria at the sword's point thirty years ago. The great object of the minister was peace at any price—an ignominious peace, to be purchased by the lasting bondage of Italy, peace, with no other disturbance of *statu quo* than was simply sufficient to take the family of petty tyrannies off their rotten footing, and place them on a more enduring basis. A great crisis is sure to be mistaken by a little minister. As well expect the eye of an insect to take in the grand outline of Mont Blanc, as a narrow mind to expand itself to the conception of a colossal object. The crisis before Lord Malmesbury was the regeneration of twenty-six millions of people from three centuries of thralldom. He viewed it as a petty quarrel between two gouty statesmen; and he ran alternately to each with screaming entreaties to preserve peace, which he ought to have known was no longer possible, and, even if possible, by no means desirable, with the maintenance of that *statu quo* upon which he so much insisted. Had his counsels been followed, and Austria and France patched up their quarrel on some wretched ground of expediency, Italy would not have stirred from its shroud, but have been once more quietly inurned, until some moral earthquake again exposed its ghastly appearance; and its spectre left with that of Poland to haunt the conscience of the free nations of Europe. Yet for this policy, which ought only to excite our indignation, we have been invited to throw up our hats and express our huzzas! Lord Malmesbury possesses a coronet, and is in the enjoyment of broad demesnes, owing to the diplomatic services of his father. With his administration of these we have no wish to interfere. But that he should be deemed worthy on this account to dispose of the least coin which we contribute

to the revenue, or direct in any way the foreign interests of this country, is even a grosser insult to the intellect than that iniquitous system of tyranny which he and his colleagues have in Italy so long, by their connivance, contributed to uphold.

The Whig espousal of liberal politics on the other side of the Alps dates from their accession to office in 1831. When the Legations rose in that year they pressed reforms on the pope, to which Metternich contrived the pope should pay no attention. They also interfered, about the same period, to obtain for Parma that slight shade of liberalism by which the duchy was distinguished from surrounding states. But it was not till 1847 that opportunities occurred which brought the whole weight of their influence into the peninsula. During their first period of office, the attention of the Whigs was too much engrossed by the struggles in Spain, in Portugal, and the Netherlands, to employ itself about a country one thousand four hundred miles away, with much success. But Metternich having been beaten off these portions of the continent, the time had at length come to achieve his final overthrow in Italy. We cannot say that Lord Minto was a wise agent. His selection was a gross instance of the old vice of the Whigs, who have been too much in the habit of regarding the state as a farm, to be exploited for their own and their kinsmen's benefit. But it sufficiently shows the *animus* of the party, that one of their first acts, on their return to power, was to accredit a minister to the Italian courts with a view to support their governments against Austrian machinations, in carrying out those reforms of which Pius IX. had set so memorable an example. Metternich, alarmed at being assailed on ground which he deemed to be peculiarly his own, threw more than usual vigor into those thrusts which he was invariably obliged to aim against the present premier on his return to the foreign office. Lord Palmerston despatched a fleet to the Adriatic, and a convoy to the Mediterranean. Metternich threw forces into Ferrara, and instructed Count Buol to read the king of Sardinia a letter he had sent to the grand duke of Florence, stating he could not permit him to establish a civic guard in his dominions; but that, if he persisted, he would occupy his territory with Austrian troops; and that it was his intention to occupy all the Italian states in a similar manner who had recourse to a liberal policy.* Lord Palmerston expressed his determination to Metternich to hinder the Italian states from being overrun by Austrian arms, or deterred by Austrian threats from entering on the path of legislative im-

* Abercrombie to Palmerston. Aug. 19, 1847.

provements. He particularly pointed out the independence of the Roman states—which Mr. Disraeli, in his last address to the Commons, charged the House not to meddle with—as an essential element in the case; and averred that the crowns of Great Britain and Sardinia having been long bound together by the ties of intimate alliance, Great Britain could not repudiate claims founded upon such grounds.* Metternich replied, through Diebrichstein, that the powers he sought to exercise in Italy had been permitted by the silent acquiescence of Great Britain for nearly half a century, and were founded upon rights guaranteed to Austria by each of the protected states. His master had no pretensions to be an Italian power, but he had dominions beyond the Alps, which he knew how to defend, and that he intended to keep them. In the course of the dispute, Metternich asked Lord Palmerston† what were his intentions in case Sardinia invaded Lombardy. The English minister replied, he could not deal with speculative questions. But Metternich affirmed it was his duty to provide against emergencies, and “not leave the future to the incalculable chance of universal disturbance.” It is almost ludicrous to see him expostulating with the rising spirit of the time, and seeking at each step to sweep back the waves of that ungovernable tide which, after having driven him out of every creek, advanced up to his own desk, and whelmed him in the general ruin.

The loss of Metternich's power in Italy, and the fall of his ascendancy in the field of European politics, was accompanied with a rapid diminution of his influence nearer home. Metternich, in the administration of the internal affairs of Austria, had displayed the same profound sagacity he evinced in the wider regions of diplomacy. Though the Austrian Empire comprises races as alien in blood, religion, and manners as the most conflicting nations in Europe, all its heterogeneous populations, by the wily chancellor, were moulded into one compact unity, and bound in ties of fealty to Vienna. This feat appears to have been accomplished by developing the national predilections of each, and playing them off one against the other. The Croats were set against the Bohemians; the Wallachians against the Italians; the Germans against the Slavonians; and the Poles against each other. Metternich presided over a happy family; and when he wanted a little dissension, he had no diffi-

* Palmerston to Ponsonby. Lon., Sept. 11, 1847.

† Metternich to Diebrichstein, Aug. 2, 1847.

“We place an important question of the day on the grounds of the simplest of all political bases. We desire to know whether the principal guardians of political peace share our views.” That question was answered by the cannon of Solferino.

culty in producing the exact amount required for his purpose. Joseph II. had tried to erase all national distinctions, and bring the different tribes in subjection to the German element, that he might create an Austrian people; but the attempt involved that sovereign in sore troubles, and brought the empire to the brink of ruin. Metternich was so convinced of the wisdom of the contrary policy, that he had no scruple, when a province proved restive, to create a war of classes, and allow the pent-up effervescence to waste itself in internal tumult. In 1848, Galicia was strongly inoculated with revolutionary ideas. The secret societies in Cracow were supposed by their agents to have brought the country to the verge of revolt. Metternich suddenly revoked the edict which substituted payment in money for corvée labor; and just in the nick of time aroused the old feuds between the peasantry and the nobility. By this means the French *Jacquerie* was repeated in Galicia. The knives intended for the Austrian soldiery were turned by the people against their own landlords; and when the massacre was nearly completed, Austria interposed to chastise them for the folly she had stimulated them to execute.

But if the ignorant *Scalvonians* could be turned into the blind instruments of their own thralldom, a different spirit soon showed itself in the German people. The spread of constitutional ideas in Europe had created a ferment in the heart of Germany, which only waited a spark to discharge itself in an electric explosion. The network of railways which overspread the country had led to a quick interchange of sentiment between remote provinces, and broke down those exclusive barriers by which Austria had isolated their interests. Education too, had spread; and though the school-master was in the custody of the policeman, still the facts in his lessons contrived to disentangle themselves from the prejudices with which they were associated; and a strange yearning was felt for social objects beyond the pale of the actual condition of society. The Prussian *Zollverein*, by leaguering twenty-two German States in close compact, for the possession of mutual commercial rights and privileges, showed what advantages might be derived from a national confederation of the German people. The development of the industrial sources of Germany, and the augmentation of its riches, to which that *Zollverein* led, enhanced the political claims of the people, and enabled them to infuse more strength into the struggle for those institutions which had been so often promised, but so long withheld. The military organizations, to which the wars of Napoleon led had trained the population to arms. Thousands of the

best recruits who had fought at Leipzig, were still in the enjoyment of strong manhood, and ready, at any favorable juncture, to throw their disciplined energies into a contest for the possession of the liberty which had induced them to face death in the battlefield. It was evident that the mind of the Germans and of the un-*Scalvonic* races of the empire was growing beyond the limits assigned to it by the repressive machinery of the state; and that unless the powers of the government were re-enforced by additional strength and vigilance, the strain when it came, would prove fatal. But, instead of increased activity, somnolence and torpor crept into every department of the administration. The silence the people manifested in their growing strength was mistaken for languor. The government thought it might also commit itself to the repose of dead routine, little imagining the barrel of gunpowder on which it had strewed its couch. The downfall of Louis Philippe, to which the inauguration of constitutional reforms in Italy had contributed, acted like an active salt on the nerves of the Vienna population. In a moment they became conscious of their power, and they used it. They saw before them a government founded on the most oppressive restrictions of the Middle Ages, while the best portions of Europe were rejoicing in the consciousness of unfettered freedom. The light which had burst upon Paris and the Italian capitals made the darkness at Vienna still more foul from the brilliancy to which it acted as a foil. The people lost not a moment in dispersing that darkness, that they might enjoy the same sunshine as their neighbors. The secret police fled like phantoms. The press was freed from the censorship: religious liberty established. The populace, streaming into the antechambers of the palace, extorted from abashed royalty the promise of representative institutions. Metternich, after a formal surrender of his functions at the call of an enraged multitude, took refuge in flight.* The whole system he had so laboriously built up collapsed like a turret of cards before the breath of a child. His mansion was pillaged: his chateau gutted and sacked. The old man screened himself by numerous disguises from the violence of the populace, till he reached the shores of Holland; whence he embarked to seek the shelter of the government of those Whigs whom he had so frequently traduced as fomenters of revolution.

After some stay in London, Metternich returned to Holland, where his family had taken up their quarters. The Austrian victories in Italy and Transylvania, and the blundering inaptitude for self-government

* March 8, 1848.

which the extreme radical party evinced both in the Frankfort Assembly and in the capitals of the several states, soon enabled the two leading monarchs of Germany to recover from their surprise, and bring matters back to their old footing. Metternich after three years' absence, was reinstated in his former possessions, though he took no ostensible part in the government. He nevertheless often appeared at Court, and enjoyed the closet favors of the emperor quite as much as Walpole commanded the ear of George II. after his expulsion from the Treasury. Nor does he appear in the shade of retirement to have lost any of that attic wit whose sprightly sallies formed the principal charm of his brilliant *réunions*. But in his remark upon the *coup d'état* of the 2d of December, that "you could do any thing with French bayonets except sit upon them," we detect the germ of another disappointment, that must have pressed heavily upon his closing days, if it did not hasten his death. Metternich was doubtless, with the rest of the world, very much surprised to find the Strasburg hero accomplish so well the marvellous feat he had deemed an impossibility. He must have been still more surprised to find the first fruits of that dazzling achievement turned to the destruction of the power in Italy he had so sedulously labored to establish. Metternich thought he had rid the world of the Napoleonic dynasty; but here, as he was sitting down to honor's feast, a scion of that house started up to sweep away the labors of his life, and conduct him to the tomb. He might have exclaimed, after the fashion of the Scotch hero, who had so summarily provided for Banquo's issue—

"The time has been,
That when the brains were out the man would
die,

And there's an end. But now they rise
With fifty thousand bayonets at their back,
To push us from our stools."

He did not long survive the first reverses of Austria in Italy; the last sun he looked at shone on the bloody field of Magenta. He died on the 11th of June, impressed with the vanity of the fruitless labors of a long life, amid the jubilee of a nation which he had sought to oppress, and the triumphs of a name he had endeavored to extinguish.

The private character of Metternich stands out in bold contrast to his public career. In his domestic relations he seems to have punctually discharged all those duties which enter into our notions of social integrity. His home was the sanctuary of every conventional propriety. When the labors of diplomatic deceit were suspended, at least he could retire into the bosom of his family, and taste there of the fountain of sincerity clear

and undefiled. Metternich married thrice, and on each occasion was exceedingly felicitous in his choice. His first wife was the Princess de Kaunitz, whom he married in 1795. She died in 1819, leaving a son, who followed her three years afterwards, and two daughters, now living. In 1825 he married Mary, Baroness von Leykam, whom the emperor, at his request, created Countess of Beilstein. She was esteemed the handsomest woman in Vienna; but the birth of her first child, Richard, of whom we now hear so much as Austria's Plenipotentiary in the affair of the duchess, took her out of the world two years after the union. In 1831 he married Melanie, Countess of Farraris, who proved a great solace to his closing years. Metternich averred that in his last marriage he was not unjust to the memory of his former wives; but rather reflected the highest encomium upon them, as it showed he had enjoyed so much happiness in their society as to enter into the marriage state again.

The happiness Metternich experienced from the ingenuous probity of his private life might have taught him to infuse a little of the same uprightness into his public dealings. But his political principles led him to believe that no government could exist without being deceptive to its people; and that as they were to their people, so must they be to each other. Hence, while his private statements were remarkable for scrupulous accuracy, the faculty of downright lying prevailed to a monstrous extent his public documents. His fidelity to his own wives has been vouched for; and we have no doubt, as far as real passion went, it was stainless. But Metternich, when he could serve some public purpose, had not the smallest scruple in marring the felicity of the wives of others. His interference with the marital relations of Napoleon was almost equalled by his fostering the amorous delinquencies of Alexander. He flung an Austrian countess into the way of the Czar at the Congress of Vienna, that the suggestions which would have been unpalatable coming from the Austrian envoy might be received from the lips of virgin beauty with prompt acquiescence. To decoy the Russian monarch from his own capital across sterile wastes to Troppau and Laybach, in 1819, Metternich promised him the society of the same charmer who had solaced his evenings five years before in Vienna, and transported the fair one to Italy for that purpose. Nay, even himself, during his Parisian embassy in 1806, when he was the type of masculine beauty, could turn the adoration which some of the frail sex paid at his shrine, into a means of getting at secrets useful to his government, committed to their keeping by over-confiding husbands. It is a

singular system which upholds honor in private life, but relegates it from matters of public interest. We have always thought if integrity was needed in the citizen, it was still more imperatively required in the statesman; and that the honesty of private transactions was only a splinter of those broad and massive principles of equity to be applied in regulating the affairs of nations. But Metternich evidently thought that man's duties in relation to God and his fellow-creatures ended as soon as he stepped out of his private circle, and that when he entered on his public business his nature might partake of that fraudulent deceit so much appreciated at the Old Bailey. Man, in his individual capacity, must be fastidiously honest, but as soon as he enters into the councils of kingdoms, he must consider himself one of a society of scoundrels!

The *savans* of Paris with whom Metternich came in contact during his visit to that capital in 1825, speak in high terms of his deep acquaintance with European literature, and the discriminating powers of his judgment in letters and the arts. Similar eulogy has been conferred by the English artists whom he occasionally invited to share his hospitality.* Metternich, however, has left no traces of such studies, unless it be in the superior style of his despatches, which must be regarded as models of this sort of composition. There is a dashing vigor and a sparkling freshness about them. Like the waves emanating from a fountain boiling over with its own strength, his thoughts came forth rattling, clear, and strong, resolved to drive every thing along the current of their purpose. If we may believe Sir Thomas Lawrence, Metternich had a poet's eye for nature, and could indulge in reflections upon rich scenery, which would have done credit to Wordsworth. When in Rome, he took the English painter to witness the sunsets off Monte Mario, and to collate their mutual criticisms before the glittering shrines of St. Peter's. They also drove to Tivoli, where Metternich passed some hours gazing on the foaming splendor of the lower falls of its cascade, within view of the sybil's temple. "Here," exclaimed the statesman, "the stream flows on always majestic, always great; not caring whether it has audience or not — with no feelings of rivalry for power. Here is no envy, no exertion for effect. It is content with its own grandeur." When dressed for an ambassador's party, his equipage and attendants waiting, at the suggestion of Sir Thomas Lawrence he would change his dress, proceed to his favorite daughter's room, persuade Marie to put on her cloak and accompany them to see the Colosseum by moonlight. Maria would, how-

ever on such occasions, express her predilection for smiling faces instead of pleasant scenery. "What boots fine cascades and rich scenery, papa, if the people about you are miserable. I would prefer the Netherlands to Italy; for though that is a flat, hedge-and-ditch country, at least the people are happy." Marie spoke from the guileless simplicity of her heart, and she spoke wisdom. Even the father might have stooped to imbibe new principles of state policy from the prattle of his child.

Metternich, though a civilian, derived his principal decorations from battle-fields. He was created a prince on the eve of Leipzig. He received the title of Duke of Portella from that encounter which decided Murat's fate in the south of Italy; and he was raised to a grandee of Spain for assisting Ferdinand to put down the Spanish Cortes. During his second visit to England, after the treaty of Paris in 1814, Oxford, at the metropolis of Tory prejudice and ignorance, not unftly conferred upon him the degree of D. C. L. But the lustre of the stars which he wore was completely forgotten in the grace of that deportment and the winning affability which constituted Metternich the Circe of despotism. His decorations did not enhance the dignity of the man, but the dignity of the man imparted lustre to the decorations. That unruffled front and sprightly demeanor which always accompanies the finished diplomatist never forsook Metternich. Whether he plucked a rose from the bosom of a proud beauty, or was tearing a crown from some anointed head in Italy, or dooming some unfortunate patriot to the grim dungeons of Spielberg, his countenance always wore the same smiling appearance. Even in the resignation of his functions before that famished mob which broke into the antechambers of the palace on that bleak March morning of 1848, there was a calm Cæsarean dignity, which awed the audacious ringleaders into silence. The majesty of the form was indeed worthy of the splendid gifts it enshrined. We cannot but regret that so lofty a spirit should have appeared in the political world as an angel of darkness and not as an angel of light. But it is only just the people should remember that Metternich's mind was warped out of a right course by their mad excesses. Let them remember that they conspired to raise the spirit which flagellated their ranks and blighted their destinies. The career of Metternich will then inspire a double lesson. For statesmen cannot reflect upon its vicissitudes without feeling they can derive no lasting security from impaling the minds of their people; and that the liberty they suppress will only gain renewed strength from defeat, and rise at last in its might to triumph over their grave.

* Mrs. Trollope's *Travels in Germany and Italy*.

PART II.
CHAPTER V.

"Fearless she had tracked his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat,
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah! your saints have cruel hearts,
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock."

—T. MOORE.

THE deed was done. Conventionalities were defied, vaunts fulfilled, and Lucilla sat on a camp stool on the deck of the steamer, watching the Welsh mountains rise, grow dim, and vanish gradually.

Horatia, in common with all the rest of the womankind, was prostrate on the cabin floor, treating Cilly's smiles and roses as aggravations of her misery. Had there been a sharer in her exultation, the gay pitching and dancing of the steamer would have been charming to Lucy, but when she retreated from the scene of wretchedness below, she felt herself lonely, and was conscious of some surprise among the surviving gentlemen at her reappearance.

She took out a book as a protection, and read more continuously than she had done since *Vanity Fair* had come to the Holt, and she had been pleased to mark Honora's annoyance at every page she turned.

But July light faded, and only left her the poor amusement of looking over the side for the phosphorescence of the water, and watching the smoke of the funnel lose itself overhead. The silent stars and sparkling waves would have set Phæbe's dutiful science on the alert, or transported Honor's inward ear by the chant of creation, but to her they were of moderate interest, and her imagination fell a prey to the memory of the eyes averted, and hand withdrawn. "I'll be exemplary when this is over," said she to herself, and at length her head nodded till she dropped into a giddy doze, whence with a chilly start she awoke, as the monotonous jog and bounce of the steamer were exchanged for a snort of arrival, among mysterious lanes of sparkling lights apparently rising from the waters.

She had slept just long enough to lose the lovely entrance of Dublin Bay, stiffen her limbs, and confuse her brains, and she stood still as the stream of passengers began to rush trampling by her, feeling bewildered and forlorn. Her cousin's voice was wel-

come, though over-loud and somewhat pit-cous. "Where are you, stewardess; where's the young lady? O Cilly, there you are. To leave me alone all this time, and here's the stewardess saying we must go ashore at once, or lose the train. Oh! the luggage, and I've lost my plaid," and ghastly in the lamplight, limp and tottering, Rashe Char-teris clasped her arm for support, and made her feel doubly savage and bewildered. Her first movement was to enjoin silence, then to gaze about for the goods. A gentleman took pity on the two ladies, and told them not to be deluded into trying to catch the train, there would be another in an hour's time, and if they had any one to meet them, they would most easily be found where they were.

"We have no one; we are alone," said Lucilla, and his chivalry was so far awakened that he handed them to the pier, and undertook to find their boxes. Rashe was absolutely subdued, and hung shivering and helpless on her cousin, who felt as though dreaming in the strange scene of darkness made visible by the bright circles round the lamps, across which rapidly flitted the cloaked forms of travellers, presiding over queer, wild, caricature-like shapes, each bending low under the weight of trunk or bag, in a procession like a magic lantern, save for the Babel of shrieks, cries, and expostulations everywhere in light or gloom.

A bell rang, an engine roared and rattled off. "The train!" sighed Horatia; "we shall have to stay here all night."

"Nonsense," said Lucy, ready to shake her; "there is another in an hour. Stay quiet, do, or he will never find us."

"Porter, ma'am—porrtterr—"

"No, no, thank you," cried Lucilla, darting on her rod-case and carriage-bag to rescue them from a freckled countenance, with claws attached.

"We shall lose every thing, Cilla; that's your trusting to a stranger!"

"All right, thank you!" as she recognized her possessions, borne on various backs towards the station, whither the traveller escorted them, and where things looked more civilized. Ratia began to resume her senses: though weak and hungry, she was sorely discomfited at having to wait, and could not, like the seasoned voyagers, settle herself to repose on the long leathern couches of the waiting-room, but wandered, woe-begone

and impatient, scolding her cousin for the hour of their passage, for her desertion and general bad management. The merry, good-natured Rashe had disappeared in the seasick, cross, and weary wight, whose sole solace was grumbling, but her dolefulness only made Lucilla more mirthful. Here they were, and happen what would, it should only be "such fun." Recovered from the moment's bewilderment, Lucy announced that she felt as if she were at a ball, and whispered a proposal of astonishing the natives by a polka in the great empty boarded space. "The suggestion would immortalize us, come!" And she threatened mischievously to seize the waist of the still giddy and aching-headed Horatia, who repulsed her with sufficient roughness and alarm to set her off laughing at having been supposed to be in earnest.

The hurry of the train came at last; they hastened down-stairs and found the train awaiting them, were told their luggage was safe, and after sitting till they were tired, shot onwards watching the beautiful glimpses of the lights in the ships off Kingstown. They would gladly have gone on all night without another disembarkation and scramble, but the Dublin station came only too soon; they were disgorged, and hastened after goods. Forth came trunk and portmanteau. Alas! none of theirs! Nothing with them but two carriage bags and two rod cases!

"It seems to be a common predicament," said Lucilla; "here are at least half a dozen in the same case."

"Horrible management. We shall never see it more."

"Nay, take comfort in the general lot. It will turn up to-morrow; and meantime sleep is not packed up in our boxes. Come, let's be off. What noises? How do these drivers keep from running over one another. Each seems ready to whip every one's beast but his own. Don't you feel yourself in Ireland, Rashe? Arrah! I shall begin to scream, too, if I stand here much longer."

"We can't go in that thing—a fly!"

"Don't exist here, Rashe—vermin is unknown. Submit to your fate . . ." and ere another objection could be uttered, Cilly threw bags and rods into an inside car, and pushed her cousin after them, chattering all the time to poor Horatia's distraction. "Oh!

delicious! A cross between a baker's cart and a Van Amburg. A little more, and it would overbalance and carry the horse head over heels! Take care, Rashe, you'll pound me into dust if you slip down over me."

"I can't help it! Oh, the vilest thing in creation!"

"Such fun! To be taken when well shaken. Here we go up, up, up; and here we go down, down, down! Ha! ware fishing rod! This is what it is to travel. No one ever described the experiences of an inside car!"

"Because no one in their senses would undergo such misery!"

"But you don't regard the beauties, Rashe, beauties of nature and art combined—see the lights reflected in the river—what a width. Oh! why don't they treat the Thames as they do the Liffey!"

"I can't see, I shall soon be dead! and getting to an inn without luggage, it's not respectable."

"If you depart this life on the way, the want of luggage will concern me the most, my dear. Depend on it, other people have driven up in inside cars, minus luggage, in the memory of man, in this city of Dublin. Are you such a worldling base as to depend for your respectability on a paltry leathern trunk?"

Lucilla's confidence did not appear misplaced, for neither waiters nor chambermaids seemed surprised, but assured them that people usually missed their luggage by that train, and asseverated that it would appear next morning.

Lucilla awoke determined to be full of frolic and enjoyment, and Horatia, refreshed by her night's rest, was more easily able to detect "such fun" than on the previous night; so the two cousins sat down amicably to breakfast on the Sunday morning, and inquired about church-services.

"My mallard's tail hat is odd 'go-to-meeting' head-gear," said Cilly; "but one cannot lapse into heathenism, so where, Rashe?"

"Wouldn't it be fun to look into a Roman Catholic affair?"

"No," said Cilly, decidedly; "where I go it shall be the genuine article. I don't like curiosities in religion."

"It's a curiosity to go to church at twelve o'clock! If you are so orthodox, let us wait for St. Patrick's this afternoon."

"And in the meantime. It is but eleven this minute, and St. Patrick's is not till three. There's nothing to be done but to watch Irish nature in the street. Oh! I never before knew the perfection of Carleton's illustration. See that woman and her cap and the man's round eyebrows and projecting lips with shillalah written on them. Would it be sabbath-breaking to perpetrate a sketch?"

But as Ratia was advancing to the window, Lucy suddenly started back, seized her and whirled her away, crying, "The wretch! I know him now! I could not make him out last night."

"Who?" exclaimed Rashe, starting determinedly to the window, but detained by the two small but resolute hands clasped round her waist.

"That black-whiskered valet of Mr. Calthorpe's. If that man has the insolence to dog me and spy me, I'll not stay in Ireland another day."

"Oh, what fun!" burst out Horatia. "It becomes romantic!"

"Atrocious impertinence!" said Lucilla, passionately. "Why do you stand there laughing?"

"At you, my dear," gasped Ratia, sinking on the sofa in her spasm of mirth. "At your reception of chivalrous devotion."

"Pretty chivalry to come and spy and beset ladies alone."

"He has not beset us yet. Don't flatter yourself."

"What do you mean by that, Horatia?"

"Do you want to try your pistols on me? The waiter could show us the way to the Fifteen Acres, only you see it is Sunday."

"I want," said Lucy, all tragedy and no comedy, "to know why you talk of my *flattering* myself that I am insulted, and my plans upset."

"Why?" said Rashe, a little sneeringly. "Why a little professed beauty like you would be so disappointed not to be pursued, that she is obliged to be always seeing phantoms that give her no peace."

"Thank you," coolly returned Cilly. "Very well, I'll say no more about it, but if I find that man to be in Ireland, the same day I go home!"

Horatia gave a long, loud, provoking laugh. Lucilla felt it was for her dignity to let the subject drop, and betook herself to

the only volumes attainable, Bradshaw and her book of flies, while Miss Charteris repaired to the window to investigate for herself the question of the pursuer; and made enlivening remarks on the two congregations, the one returning from mass, the other going to church, but these were not appreciated. It seemed as though the young ladies had but one set of spirits between them, which were gained by the one as soon as lost by the other.

It was rather a dull day. Fast as they were, the two girls shrank from rambling alone in streets thronged with figures that they associated with ruffianly destitution. Sunday had brought all to light, and the large, handsome streets were beset with bare-footed children, elf-locked women, and lounging, beetle-browed men, such as Lucy had only seen in the purlieus of Whittingtonia, in alleys looked into, but never entered by the civilized. In reality "rich and rare" was so true that they might have walked there more secure from insult, than in many better-regulated regions, but it was difficult to believe so, especially in attire then so novel as to be very remarkable, and the absence of protection lost its charm when there was no one to admire the bravado.

She did her best to embalm it for future appreciation by journalizing, making the voyage out a far better joke than she had found it, and describing the inside car in the true style of the facetious traveller. Nothing so drives away fun, as the desire to be funny, and she began to grow weary of her work, and disgusted at her own lumbering attempts at pen and ink mirth; but they sufficed to make Rashe laugh, they would be quite good enough for Lord William, would grievously annoy Honora Charlecote, would be mentioned in all the periodicals, and give them the name of the angel anglers all the next season. Was not that enough to go to Ireland and write a witty tour for?

The outside car took them to St. Patrick's, and they had their first real enjoyment in the lazy liveliness of the vehicle, and the droll ciceroneship of the driver, who contrived to convey such compliments to their pretty faces, as only an Irishman could have given without offence.

Lucilla sprang down with exhilarated spirits, and even wished for Honor to share her indignation at the slovenliness around

the cathedral, and the absence of close or cloister; nay, though she had taken an aversion to Strafford as a hero of Honor's, she forgave him, and resolved to belabor the house of Cork handsomely in her journal, when she beheld the six-storied monument, and imagined it, as he had found it, in the Altar's very place. "Would that he had created an absolute Boylean vacuum!" What a grand *bon mot* for her journal!

However, either the spirit of indignation at the sight of the unknocking congregation, or else the familiar words of the beautiful musical service, made her more than usually devout, and stirred up something within her that could only be appeased by the resolution that the singing in Robert Fulmort's parish should be superexcellent. After the service, the carman persuaded them to drive in the Phoenix Park, where they enjoyed the beautiful broken ground, the picturesque thickets, the grass whose color reminded them that they were in the Emerald Isle, the purple outlines of the Wicklow hills, whence they thought they detected a fresh mountain breeze. They only wondered to find this delightful place so little frequented. In England, a Sunday would have filled it with holiday strollers, whereas here, they only encountered a very few, and those chiefly gentlefolks. The populace preferred sitting on the doorsteps, or lounging against the houses, as if they were making studies of themselves for caricatures; and were evidently so much struck with the young ladies' attire, that the shelter of the hotel was gladly welcomed.

Lucilla was alone in the sitting-room when the waiter came to lay the cloth. He looked round, as if to secure secrecy, and then remarked in a low, confidential voice, "There's been a gentleman inquiring for you, ma'am."

"Who was it?" said Lucy, with feigned coolness.

"It was when you were at church, ma'am; he wished to know whether two ladies had arrived here, Miss Charteris and Miss Sandbrook."

"Did he leave his card?"

"He did not, ma'am, his call was to be a secret; he said it was only to be sure whether you had arrived?"

"Then he did not give his name?"

"He did, ma'am, for he desired to be let know what route the young ladies took when

they left," quoth the man, with a comical look, as though he were imparting a most delightful secret then.

"Was he Mr. Calthorp?"

"I said I'd not mention his name," said the waiter, with however such decided assent, that, as at the same moment he quitted the room and Horatia entered it, Cilly exclaimed, "There, Rashe, what do you say now to the phantom of my vanity? Here has he been asking for us, and what route we meant to take."

"He? Who?"

"Who—why who should it be? The waiter has just told me."

"You absurd girl!"

"Well, ask him yourself."

So when the waiter came up, Miss Charteris demanded, "Has Mr. Calthorp been calling here?"

"What was the name, ma'am, if you please?"

"Calthorp. Has Mr. Calthorp been calling here?"

"Cawthorne? Was it Colonel Cawthorne, of the Royal Hussars, ma'am? He was here yesterday, but not to-day."

"I said Calthorp. Has a Mr. Calthorp been inquiring for us to-day?"

"I have not heard, ma'am, I'll inquire," said he, looking alert, and again disappearing, while Horatia looked as proud of herself as Cilly had done just before.

He came back again, while Lucilla was repeating his communication, and assured Miss Charteris that no such person had called.

"Then, what gentleman has been here, making inquiries about us?"

"Gentleman? Indeed, ma'am, I don't understand your meaning?"

"Have you not been telling this young lady that a gentleman has been asking after us, and desiring to be informed what route we intended to take?"

"Ah sure!" said the waiter, as if recollecting himself, "I did mention it. Some gentleman did just ask me in a careless sort of way, who the two beautiful young ladies might be, and where they were going. Such young ladies always create a sensation, as you must be aware, ma'am, and I own I did speak of it to the young lady, because I thought she had seen the attraction of the gentleman's eyes."

So perfectly assured did he look, that Lucilla felt a moment's doubt whether her memory served her as to his former words, but just as she raised her eyes and opened her lips in refutation, she met a glance from him full of ludicrous reassurance, evidently meaning that he was guarding his own secret and hers. He was gone the next moment, and Horatia turned upon her, with exultant merriment.

"I always heard that Ireland was a mendacious country," said Cilly.

"And a country where people lose the sight of their eyes and ears," laughed Rashe. "Oh what a foundation for the second act of the drama!"

"Of which the third will be my going home by the next steamer."

"Because a stranger asked who we were?"

Each had her own interpretation of the double-faced waiter's assertion, and it served them to dispute upon all the evening.

Lucilla was persuaded that he imagined her an injured beauty, reft from her faithful adorer, by her stern aunt or duenna, and that he considered himself to be doing her a kindness by keeping her informed of her hero's vicinity, while he denied it to her companion; but she scorned to enter into an explanation, or make any disavowal, and found the few displeased words she spoke were received with compassion, as at the dictation of the stern monitress.

Horatia, on the other hand, could not easily resign the comical version that Lucilla's inordinate opinion of her own attractions had made her imagine Mr. Calthorp's valet in the street, and discover his master in the chance inquirer whom the waiter had mentioned; and as Cilly could not aver that the man had actually told her in so many words that it was Mr. Calthorp, Horatia had a right to her opinion, and though she knew she had been a young lady a good many years, she could not easily adopt the suggestion that she could pass for Cilly's cruel duenna.

Lucilla grew sullen, and talked of going home by the next steamer; Rashe, far from ready for another sea voyage, called herself ill used, and represented the absurdity of returning on a false alarm. Cilla was staggered, and thought what it would be, if Mr. Calthorp, smoking his cigar at his club, heard that she had fled from his imaginary

pursuit. Besides, the luggage must be recovered, so she let Horatia go on arranging for an excursion for the Monday, only observing that it must not be in Dublin.

"No, bonnets are needful there. What do you think of Howth and Ireland's eye, the place where Kirwen murdered his wife?" said Rashe, with great gusto, for she had a strong turn for the horrid murders in the newspaper.

"Too near, and too smart," sulked Lucy.

"Well, then, Glendalough, that is wild, and far off enough, and may be done in a day from Dublin. I'll ring and find out."

"Not from that man."

"Oh! we shall see Calthorps peopling the hill sides! Well, let us have the landlord."

It was found that both the Devil's Glen and the Seven Churches might be visited if they started by the seven o'clock train, and returned late at night, and Lucilla agreeing, the evening went off as best it might, the cousins being glad to get out of each other's company at nine, that they might be up early the next morning. Lucy had not liked Ratia so little since the days of her infantine tyranny.

The morning, however, raised their spirits, and sent them off in a more friendly humor, enjoying the bustle and excitement, that was meat and drink to them, and exclaiming at the exquisite views of sea and rugged coast along beautiful Kilmeny bay. When they left the train, they were delighted with their outside car, and reclined on their opposite sides in enchantment with the fern bordered lanes, winding between noble trees, between which came inviting glimpses of exquisitely green meadows and hill-sides. They stopped at a park-looking gate, leading to the Devil's Glen, which they were to traverse on foot, meeting the car at the other end.

Here there was just enough life and adventure to charm them, as they gaily trod the path, winding picturesquely beside the dashing, dancing, foaming stream, now between bare salient bluffs of dark rock, now between glades of verdant thicket, or bold shouldering slopes of purple heath, and soft bent grass. They were constantly crying out with delight, as they bounded from one point of view to another, sometimes climbing among loose stones, leading between ferns and hazel stems, to a well-planted hermitage,

sometimes springing across the streamlet upon stepping-stones. At the end of the wood, another lodge gate brought them beyond the private grounds that showed care, even in their rusticity, and they came out on the open hill-side in true mountain air, soft turf beneath their feet, the stream rushing away at the bottom of the slope, and the view closed in with blue mountains, on which the clouds marked purple shadows. This was freedom! this was enjoyment! this was worth the journey! and Cilla's elastic feet sprang along as if she had been a young kid. How much was delight in the scenery, how much in the scramble need not be analyzed.

There was plenty of scrambling before it was over. A woman who had been lying in wait for tourists at the gate, guided them to the bend of the glen, where they were to climb up to pay their respects to the waterfall. The ascent was not far from perpendicular, only rendered accessible by the slope of fallen debris at the base, and a few steps cut out from one projecting rock to another, up to a narrow shelf, whence the cascade was to be looked down on. The more adventurous spirits went on to a rock overhanging the fall, and with a curious chink or cranny, forming a window with a seat, and called King O'Toole's chair. Each girl perched herself there, and was complemented on her strong head and active limbs, and all their powers were needed in the long breathless pull up craggy stepping-stones, then over steep slippery turf ere they gained the summit of the bank. Spent, though still gasping out, "such fun!" they threw themselves on their backs upon the thyme grass, and lay still for several seconds, ere they sat up to look back at the thickly wooded ravine, winding crevice-like in and out between the overlapping skirts of the hills, whose rugged heads cut off the horizon. Then merrily sharing the first instalment of luncheon with their barefooted guide, they turned their faces onwards, where all their way seemed one bare gray moor, rising far off into the outline of Lugella, a peak overhanging the semblance of a crater.

Nothing afforded them much more mirth than a rude bridge, consisting of a single row of square-headed unconnected posts along the heads of which Cilla three times hopped backwards and forwards for the mere drollery of the thing, with vigor unabated

by the long walk over the dreary moorland fields with their stone walls.

By the side of the guide's cabin, the car awaited them, and mile after mile they drove on through treeless wastes, the few houses with their thatch anchored down by stones, showing what winds must sweep along those unsheltered tracts. The desolate solitude began to weary the volatile pair into silence; ere the mountains rose closer to them, they crossed a bridge over a stony stream begirt with meadows, and following its course came into sight of their goal.

Here was Glendalough, a *cul de sac*, between the mountains that shelved down, enclosing it on all sides save the entrance, through which the river issued. Their summits were bare of the gray stone that lay in fragments everywhere, but their sides were clothed with the lovely Irish green pastureland, intermixed with brushwood and trees, and a beauteous meadow surrounded the white ring-like beach of pure white sand and pebbles bordering the outer lake, whose gray waters sparkled in the sun. Its twin lake, divided from it by so narrow a belt of ground, that the white beaches lay on their green setting, like the outline of a figure of 8, had a more wild and gloomy aspect, lying deeper within the hollow, and the hills coming sheer down on it at the further end in all their grayness, unsoftened by any verdure. The gray was that of absolute black and white intermingled in the grain of the stone, and this was peculiarly gloomy, but in the summer sunshine it served but to set off the brilliance of the verdure, and the whole air of the valley was so bright, that Cilly declared that it had been traduced, and that no skylark of sense need object thereto.

Losing sight of the lakes as they entered the shabby little town, they sprang off the car before a small inn, and ere their feet were on the ground were appropriated by one of a shoal of guides, in dress and speech an ultra Irishman, exaggerating his part as a sort of buffoon for the travellers. Rashe was diverted by his humors, Cilla thought them in bad taste, and would fain have escaped from his brogue and his antics, with some perception that the scene ought to be left to make its impression in peace.

Small peace, however, was there among the scores of men, women, and children, within the rude wall containing the most

noted relics; all beset the visitors with offers of stockings, lace, or stones from the hills; and the chatter of the guide was a lesser nuisance for which she was forced to compound for the sake of his protection. When he had cleared away his compatriots, she was able to see the remains of two of the Seven Churches, the Cathedral, and St. Kevin's Kitchen, both of the enduring gray stone, covered with yellow lichen, which gave a remarkable golden tint to their extreme old age. Architecture there was next to none. St. Kevin's so called kitchen had a cylindrical tower, crowned by an extinguisher, and within the roofless walls was a flat stone, once the altar, and still a station for pilgrims; and the cathedral contained two broken coffin-lids with floriated crosses, but it was merely four rude roofless walls, enclosing less space than a cottage kitchen, and less ornamental than many a barn. The whole space was encumbered with regular modern headstones, ugly as the worst that English graveyards could show, and alternating between the names of Byrne and O'Toole, families who, as the guide said, would come "hundreds of miles to lie there." It was a grand thought, that those two lines, in wealth or in poverty, had been constant to that one wild mountain burying place, in splendor or in ruin, for more than twelve centuries.

Here, some steps from the cathedral on the top of the slope, was the chief grandeur of the view. A noble old carved granite cross, eight or ten feet high, stood upon the brow, bending slightly to one side, and beyond lay the valley cherishing its treasure of the twin lakelets, girt in by the band across them, nestled in the soft lining of copsewood and meadow, and protected by the lofty massive hills above. In front, but below, and somewhat to the right, lay another enclosure, containing the ivied gable of St. Mary's Church, and the tall column-like round tower, both with the same peculiar golden hoariness. The sight struck Lucilla with admiration and wonder, but the next moment she heard the guide exhorting Rashe to embrace the stem of the cross, telling her that if she could clasp her arms round it, she would be sure of a handsome and rich husband within the year.

Half superstitious, and always eager for fun, Horatia spread her arms in the endeavor, but her hands could not have met

without the aid of the guide, who dragged them together, and celebrated the exploit with a hurrah of congratulation, while she laughed triumphantly, and called on her companion to try her luck. But Lucy was disgusted, and bluntly refused, knowing her grasp to be far too small, unable to endure the touch of the guide, and may be shrinking from the failure of the augury.

"Ah! to be shure, an it's not such a purty young lady as yourself that need be taking the throuble," did not fall pleasantly on her ears, and still less Ratia's laugh and exclamation, "You make too sure, do you? Have a care. There were black looks at parting! But you need not be afraid, if handsome be a part of the spell."

There was no answer, and Horatia saw that the outspoken railery, that Cilly had once courted, now gave offence. She guessed that something was amiss, but did not know that what had once been secure had been wilfully imperilled, and that suspense was awakening new feelings of delicacy and tenderness.

The light words and vulgar forecasting had, in spite of herself, transported Lucilla from the rocky thicket where she was walking, even to the cedar-room at Woolstone Lane, and conjured up before her that grave, massive brow, and the eye that would not meet her. She had hurried to these wilds to escape that influence, and it was holding her tighter than ever. To hasten home on account of Mr. Calthorp's pursuit would be the most effectual vindication of the feminine dignity that she might have impaired in Robert's eyes, but to do this on what Ratia insisted on believing a false alarm, would be the height of absurdity. She was determined on extracting proofs sufficient to justify her return, and every moment seemed an hour until she could feel herself free to set her face homewards. A strange impatience seized her at every spot where the guide stopped them to admire, and Ratia's encouragement of his witticisms provoked her excessively.

With a kind of despair she found herself required, before taking boat for St. Kevin's Cave, to mount into a wood to admire another waterfall.

"See two waterfalls," she muttered, "and you have seen them all. There are only two kinds, one a bucket of water thrown down

from the roof of a house, the other over the staircase. Either the water is a fiction, or you can't get at them for the wet!"

"That was a splendid fellow at the Devil's Glen."

"There's as good a one any day at the lock on the canal at home! only we do not delude people into coming to see it. Up such places, too!"

"Cilly, for shame. What, tired and giving in?"

"Not tired in the least; only this place is not worth getting late for the train."

"Will the young lady take my hand? I'd be proud to have the honor of helping her up," said the guide; but Lucilla disdainfully rejected his aid, and climbed among the stones and brushwood aloof from the others, Ratia talking in high glee to the Irishman, and adventurously scrambling.

"Cilly, here it is," she cried, from beneath a projecting elbow of rock; "you look down on it. It's a delicious fall. I declare one can get into it;" and, by the aid of a tree, she lowered herself down on a flat stone, whence she could see the cascade better than above. "This is stunning. I vow one can get right into the bed of the stream, right across. Don't be slow, Cilly, this is the prime fun of all!"

"You care for the romp and nothing else," grumbled Lucilla. That boisterous merriment was hateful to her, when feeling that the demeanor of gentlewomen must be their protection, and with all her high spirit, she was terrified lest insult or remark should be occasioned. Her signs of remonstrance were only received with a derisive outburst, as Rashe climbed down into the midst of the bed of the stream. "Come, Cilla, or I shall indite a page in the diary, headed Faint heart—Ah!" as her foot slipped on the stones, and she fell backwards, but with instant efforts at rising, such as assured her cousin that no harm was done. "Nay, nonsensical clambering will be the word," she said.

"Serves you right for getting into such places! What! Hurt?" as Horatia, after resting in a sitting posture, tried to get up, but paused, with a cry.

"Nothing," she said, "I'll . . ." but another attempt ended in the same way. Cilla sprang to her, followed by the guide, imprecating bad luck to the slippery stones. Her-

self standing in the water, Lucilla drew her cousin upright, and with a good deal of help from the guide, and much suffering, brought her up the high bank, and down the rough steep descent through the wood.

She had given her back and side a severe twist, but she moved less painfully on more level ground, and, supported between Lucilla and the guide, whom the mischance had converted from a comedy clown to a delicately considerate assistant, she set out for the inn where the cars had been left. The progress lasted for two doleful hours, every step worse than the last, and, much exhausted, she at length sank upon the sofa in the little sitting-room of the inn.

The landlady was urgent that the wet clothes should be taken off, and the back rubbed with whiskey, but Cilla stood agitating her small soaked foot, and insisting that the car should come round at once, since the wet had dried on them, and they had best lose no time in returning to Dublin, or at least to Bray.

But Rashe cried out that the car would be the death of her; she could not stir without a night's rest.

"And be all the stiffer to-morrow? Once on the car, you will be very comfortable—"

"Oh, no! I can't! This is a horrid place. Of all the unlucky things that could have happened—"

"Then," said Cilla, fancying a little coercion would be wholesome, "don't be faint-hearted. You will be glad to-morrow that I had the sense to make you move to-day. I shall order the car."

"Indeed!" cried Horatia, her temper yielding to pain and annoyance. "You seem to forget that this expedition is mine! I am paymaster, and have the only right to decide."

Lucilla felt the taunt base, as recalling to her the dependent position into which she had carelessly rushed, relying on the family feeling that had hitherto made all things as one. "Henceforth," said she, "I take my share of all that we spend. I will not sell my free will."

"So you mean to leave me here alone?" said Horatia, with positive tears of pain, weariness, and vexation, at the cruel unfriendliness of the girl she had petted.

"Nonsense! I must abide by your fate. I only hate to see people chicken-hearted,

and thought you wanted shaking up. I stay so long as you own me an independent agent."

The discussion was given up, when it was announced that a room was ready; and Rashe underwent so much in climbing the stairs, that Cilly thought she could not have been worse on the car.

The apartment was not much behind that at the village inn at Hiltonbury. In fact, it had gay curtains and a grand-figured blind, but the doors at the Charlecote Arms had no such independent habits of opening, the carpet would have been whole, and the chairs would not have quaked beneath Lucy's grasshopper weight, when down she sat in doleful resignation, having undressed her cousin, sent her *chaussure* to dry, and dismissed the car, with a sense of bidding farewell to the civilized world, and entering a desert island, devoid of the zest of Robinson Crusoe's.

What an endless evening it was, and how the ladies detested each other! There lay Horatia, not hurt enough for alarm, but quite cross enough to silence pity, suffering at every move, and sore at Cilly's want of compassion; and here sat Lucilla, thoroughly disgusted with her cousin, her situation, and her expedition. Believing the strain a trifle, she not unjustly despised the want of resolution that had shrunk from so expedient an exertion as the journey, and felt injured by the selfish want of consideration that had condemned her to this awkward position in this forlorn little inn, without even the few toilette necessities that they had with them at Dublin, and with no place to sit in, for the sitting-room below stairs served as a coffee-room, where sundry male tourists were imbibing whiskey, the fumes of which ascended to the young ladies above, long before they could obtain their own meal.

The chops were curiosities, and as to the tea, the grounds apparently the peat of the valley, filled up nearly an eighth of the cup, causing Lucilla in lugubrious mirth to talk of "That lake whose gloomy tea, ne'er saw Hyson nor Bohea," when Rashe fretfully retorted, "It is very unkind in you to grumble at every thing, when you know I can't help it!"

"I was not grumbling, I only wanted to enliven you."

"Queer enlivenment!"

Nor did Lucilla's attempts at body curing

succeed better. Her rubbing only evoked screeches, and her advice was scornfully rejected. Horatia was a determined homœopath, and sighed for the globules in her wandering box, and as whiskey and tobacco both became increasingly fragrant, averred again and again that nothing should induce her to stay here another night.

Nothing? Lucilla found her in the morning in all the aches and flushes of a feverish cold, her sprain severely painful, her eyes swollen, her throat so sore, that in alarm Cilly besought her to send for advice; but Rashe regarded a murderous allopathist as near akin to an executioner, and only bewailed the want of her minikin doses.

Giving up the hope of an immediate departure, Lucilla despatched a messenger to Bray, thence to telegraph for the luggage; and the day was spent in fears lest their landlord at Dublin might detain their goods as those of suspicious characters.

Other excitement there was none, not even in quarrelling, for Rashe was in a sleepy state, only roused by interludes of gloomy tea and greasy broth; and outside, the clouds had closed down, such clouds as she had never seen, blotting out lake and mountain with an impervious gray curtain, seeming to bathe rather than to rain on the place. She longed to dash out into it, but Ratia's example warned her against drenching her only garments, though indoors the dryness was only comparative. Every thing she touched, herself included, seemed pervaded by a damp, limp rawness, that she vainly tried to dispel by ordering a fire. The turf smouldered, the smoke came into the room, and made their eyes water, and Rashe insisted that the fire should be put out.

Cilla almost envied her sleep, as she sat disconsolate in the window, watching the comparative density of the rain, and listening to the extraordinary howls and shrieks in the town, which kept her constantly expecting that a murder or a rebellion would come to relieve the monotony of the day, till she found that nothing ensued, and no one took any notice.

She tried to sketch from memory, but nothing would hinder that least pleasant of occupations, thought. Either she imagined every unpleasant chance of detention, she worried herself about Robert Fulmort, or marvelled what Mr. Prendergast and the

censorious ladies would do with Edna Murrell. Many a time did she hold her watch to her ear, suspecting it of having stopped, so slowly did it loiter through the weary hours. Eleven o'clock when she hoped it was one—half-past two when it felt like five!

By real five, the mist was thinner, showing first nearer, then remoter objects; the coarse slates of the roofs opposite emerged polished and dripping, and the cloud finally took its leave, some heavy flakes, like cotton wool, hanging on the hillside, and every rock shining, every leaf glistening. Verdure and rosy cheeks both resulted from a perpetual vapor-bath.

Lucilla rejoiced in her liberty, and hurried out of doors, but leaning out of the coffee-room window, loungers were seen who made her sensible of the awkwardness of her position, and she looked about for yesterday's guide as a friend, but he was not at hand, and her uneasy gaze brought round her numbers, begging or offering guidance. She wished to retreat, but would not, and walked briskly along the side of the valley opposite to that she had yesterday visited, in search of the other four churches. Two fragments were at the junction of the lakes, another was entirely destroyed, but the last, called the Abbey, stood in ruins within the same wall as the Round Tower, which rose straight, round, mysterious, defying inquiry, as it caught the evening light on its summit, even as it had done for so many centuries past.

Not that Cilla thought of the riddles of that tower, far less of the early Christianity of the isle of saints, of which these ruins and their wild legend were the only vestiges, nor of the mysticism that planted clusters of churches in sevens as analogous to the seven stars of the Apocalypse. Even the rugged glories of the landscape chiefly addressed themselves to her as good to sketch, her highest flight in admiration of the picturesque. In the state of mind ascribed to the ancients, she only felt the weird unhomeliness of the place, as though she were at the ends of the earth, unable to return, and always depressed by solitude; she could have wept. Was it for this that she had risked the love that had been her own from childhood, and broken with the friend to whom her father had commended her? Was it worth while to defy their censures for this

dreary spot, this weak-spirited, exacting, unrefined companion, and the insult of Mr. Calthorp's pursuit?

Naturally shrewd, well knowing the world, and guarded by a real attachment, Lucilla had never regarded the millionaire's attentions as more than idle amusement in watching the frolics of a beauty, and had suffered them as adding to her own diversion; but his secretly following her, no doubt to derive mirth from her proceedings revealed to her that woman could not permit such terms without loss of dignity, and her cheek burnt at the thought of the ludicrous light in which he might place her present predicament before a conclave of gentlemen.

The thought was intolerable. To escape it by rapid motion, she turned hastily to leave the enclosure. A figure was climbing over the steps in the wall with outstretched hand, as if he expected her to cling to him, and Mr. Calthorp, springing forward, eagerly exclaimed in familiar, patronizing tones, "Miss Sandbrook! They told me you were gone this way." Then, in a very different voice at the unexpected look and bow that he encountered: "I hope Miss Charteris' accident is not serious."

"Thank you, not serious," was the freezing reply.

"I am glad. How did it occur?"

"It was a fall." He should have no good story wherewith to regale his friends.

"Going on well, I trust. Chancing to be at Dublin, I heard by accident that you were here, and fearing that there might be a difficulty, I ran down in the hope of being of service to you."

"Thank you," in 'the least thankful of tones.

"Is there nothing I can do for you?"

"Thank you, nothing."

"Could I not obtain some advice for Miss Charteris?"

"Thank you, she wishes for none."

"I am sure"—he spoke eagerly—"that in some way I could be of use to you. I shall remain at hand. I cannot bear that you should be alone in this remote place."

"Thank you, we will not put you to inconvenience. We intended to be alone."

"I see you esteem it a great liberty," said poor Mr. Calthorp; "but you must forgive my impulse to see whether I could be of any assistance to you. I will do as you desire,

but at least you will let me leave Stefano with you; he is a fellow full of resources, who would make you comfortable here, and me easy about you."

"Thank you, we require no one."

Those "thank yous" were intolerable, but her defensive reserve and dignity attracted the gentleman more than all her dashing brilliancy, and he became more urgent. "You cannot ask me to leave you entirely to yourselves under such circumstances."

"I more than ask it, I insist upon it. Good-morning."

"Miss Sandbrook, do not go till you have heard and forgiven me."

"I will not hear you, Mr. Calthorp. This is neither the time nor place," said Lucilla, inly more and more perturbed, but moving along with slow, quiet steps, and betraying no emotion. "The object of our journey was totally defeated by meeting any of our ordinary acquaintance, and but for this mischance I should have been on my way home to-day."

"O Miss Sandbrook, do you class me among your ordinary acquaintance?"

It was all she could do to hinder her walk from losing its calm slowness, and before she could divest her intended reply of undignified sharpness, he continued—

"Who could have betrayed my preference? But for this, I meant that you should never have been aware that I was hovering near to watch over you."

"Yes to collect good stories for your club."

"This is injustice! Flagrant injustice, Miss Sandbrook. Will you not credit the anxiety that irresistibly impelled me to be ever at hand in case you should need a protector?"

"No," was the point-blank reply.

"How shall I convince you?" he cried vehemently. "What have I done that you should refuse to believe in the feelings that prompted me?"

"What have you done?" said Lucilla, whose blood was up. "You have taken a liberty, which is the best proof of what your feelings are, and every moment that you force your presence on me adds to the offence!"

She saw that she had succeeded. He stood still, bowed, and answered not, possibly deeming this the most effective means of re-

calling her; but from first to last he had not known Lucilla Sandbrook.

The eager, protecting familiarity of his first address had given her such a shock that she felt certain that she had only no guard but herself from positively insulting advances; and though abstaining from all quickening of pace, her heart throbbed violently in the fear of hearing him following her, and the inn was a haven of refuge.

She flew up to her bedroom to tear about like a panther, as if by violence to work down the tumult in her breast. She had proved the truth of Honora's warning, that beyond the pale of ordinary *convenances*, a woman is exposed to insult, and however sufficient she may be for her own protection, the very fact of having to defend herself is wellnigh degradation. It was not owning the error. It was the agony of humiliation, not the meekness of humility, and she was as angry with Miss Charlecote for the prediction as with Mr. Calthorp for having fulfilled it, enraged with Horatia, and desperate at her present imprisoned condition, unable to escape, and liable to be still haunted by her enemy.

At last she saw the discomfited swain re-enter the inn, his car came round, and finally drive off with him; and then she felt what a blank was her victory. If she breathed freely it was at the cost of an increased sense of solitude and severance from the habitable world.

Hitherto she had kept away from her cousin, trusting that the visit might remain a secret, too mortifying to both parties to be divulged, but she found Horatia in a state of eager anticipation, awakened from the torpor to watch for tidings of a happy conclusion to their difficulties, and preparing jests on the pettish ingratitude with which she expected Lucilla to requite the services that would be nevertheless accepted.

Gone! Sent away! Not even commissioned to find the boxes. Horatia's consternation and irritation knew no bounds. Lucilla was no less indignant that she could imagine it possible to become dependent on his good offices, or to permit him to remain in the neighborhood. Rashe angrily scoffed at her newborn scruples, and complained of her want of consideration for herself. Cilla reproached her cousin with utter absence of any sense of propriety and decorum. Rashe

talked of ingratitude, and her sore throat being by this time past conversation, came to tears. Cilla, who could not bear to see any one unhappy, tried many a "nevermind" many a "didn't mean," many a fair augury for the morrow, but all in vain, and night came down upon the angel anglers more forlorn and less friendly than ever! and with all the invalid's discomforts so much aggravated by the tears and the altercation that escape from this gloomy shore appeared infinitely remote.

There was an essential difference of tone of mind between those brought up at Hiltonbury or at Castle Blanch, and though high spirits had long concealed the unlikeness, it had now been made bare, and Lucy could not conquer her disgust and disappointment.

Sunshine was on Luggella, and Horatia's ailments were abating, so, as her temper was not alleviated, Lucilla thought peace would be best preserved by sallying out to sketch. A drawing from behind the cross became so engrossing that she was sorry to find it time for the early dinner, and her artistic pride was only allayed by the conviction that she should always hate what recalled Glendalough.

Rashe was better, and was up and dressed. Hopes of departure produced amity, and they were almost lively over their real broth, when sounds of arrival made Lucilla groan at the prospect of cockney tourists obstructing the completion of her drawing.

"There's a gentleman asking to see you, miss."

"I can see no one."

"Cilla, now do."

"Tell him I cannot see him," repeated Lucy, imperiously.

"How can you be so silly? he may have heard of our boxes."

"I would toss them into the lake rather than take them from him."

"Eh! pray let me be present when you perform the ceremony! Cilla in the heroics! Whom is she expecting?" said a voice outside the door, ever ajar, a voice that made Lucilla clap her hands in ecstasy.

"You, Owen! come in," cried Horatia, writhing herself up.

"Owen, old Owen! that's right," burst from Cilla, as she sprang to him.

"Right! Ah! that is not the greeting I expected; I was thinking how to guard my

eyes. So, you have had enough of the unprotected dodge! What has Rashe been doing to herself? A desperate leap down the Falls of Niagara?"

Horatia was diffuse in the narration; but, after the first, Lucy did not speak. She began by arming herself against her brother's derision, but presently felt perplexed by detecting on his countenance something unwontedly grave and pre-occupied. She was sure that his attention was far away from Rashe's long story, and she abruptly interrupted it with, "How came you here, Owen?"

He did not seem to hear, and she demanded, "Is any thing the matter? Are you come to fetch us because any one is ill?"

Starting, he said, "No, oh, no!"

"Then what brought you here? a family council, or Honor Charlecote?"

"Honor Charlecote," he repeated, mistily; then, making an effort, "Yes, good old soul, she gave me a vacation tour on condition that I should keep an eye on you. Go on, Rashe; what were you saying?"

"Didn't you hear me, Owen? Why Calthorp, the great Calthorp is in our wake. Cilly is frantic."

"Calthorp about!" exclaimed Owen, with a start of dismay. "Where?"

"I've disposed of him," quoth Lucilla; "he'll not trouble us again."

"Which way is he gone?"

"I would not tell you if I knew."

"Don't be such an idiot," he petulantly answered; "I want nothing of the fellow, only to know whether he is clean gone; are you sure whether he went by Bray?"

"I told you I neither knew nor cared."

"Could you have believed, Owen," said Rashe, plaintively, "that she was so absurd as never even to tell him to inquire for our boxes?"

"Owen knows better;" but Lucilla stopped, surprised to see that his thoughts were again astray. Giving a constrained smile, he asked, "Well, what next?"

"To find our boxes," they answered, in a breath.

"Your boxes? Didn't I tell you I've got them here?"

"Owen, you're a trump," cried Rashe.

"How on earth did you know about them?" inquired his sister.

"Very simply; crossed from Liverpool yesterday, reconnoitred at your hotel, was

shown your telegram, went to the luggage office, routed out that the things were taking a gentle tour to Limerick, got them back this morning, and came on. And what are you after next?"

"Home," jerked out Lucy, without looking up, thinking how welcome he would have been yesterday, without the goods.

"Yes, home," said Horatia. "This abominable sprain will hinder my throwing a line or jolting on Irish roads, and if Cilla is to be in agonies when she sees a man on the horizon, we might as well never have come."

"Will you help me to carry home this poor invalid warrior, Owen?" said Lucilla; "she will permit you."

"I'll put you into the steamer," said Owen; "but, you see, I have made my arrangements for doing Killarney and the rest of it."

"I declare," said Rashe, recovering benevolence with comfort, "if they would send Scott from the Castle to meet me at Holyhead, Cilly might as well go on with you. You would be sufficient to keep off the Calthorps."

"I'm afraid that's no go," hesitated Owen. "You see I had made my plans, trusting to your bold assertions that you would suffer no one to approach."

"Oh! never mind. It was no proposal of mine. I've had enough of Ireland," returned Lucy, somewhat aggrieved.

"How soon shall you be sufficiently repaired for a start, Ratia?" asked Owen, turning quickly round to her. "To-morrow? No! Well, I'll come over and see."

"Going away?" cried the ladies, by no means willing to part with their guardian.

"Yes, I must; considering that we should be parallels never meeting, I had to provide for myself."

"I see," said Rashe, "he has a merry party at Newragh Bridge, and will sit up over whist and punch till midnight!"

"You don't pretend to put yourselves in competition," said he, snatching at the idea hastily.

"Oh! no," said his sister, with an annoyed gesture. "I never expect you to prefer me and my comfort to any one."

"Indeed, Cilla, I'm sorry," he answered gently, but in perplexity, "but I never reckoned on being wanted, and engagements are engagements."

"I'm sure I don't want you when anything pleasanter is going forward," she answered, with vexation in her tone.

"I'll be here by eleven or twelve," he replied, avoiding the altercation; "but I must get back now, I shall be waited for."

"Who is it that can't wait?" asked Rashe.

"Oh! just an English acquaintance of mine. There, good-by! I wish I had come in time to surprise the modern St. Kevin! Are you sure there was no drowning in the lake!"

"You know it was blessed to drown no one after Kathleen."

"Re-assuring! only mind you put a chapter about it into the tour." Under the cover of these words, he was gone.

"I declare there's some mystery about his companion!" exclaimed Horatia. "Suppose it were Calthorp himself?"

"Owen is not so lost to respect for his sister."

"But did you not see how little he was surprised, and how much pre-occupied?"

"Very likely; but no one but you could imagine him capable of such an outrage."

"You have been crazy ever since you entered Ireland, and expect every one else to be the same. Seriously, what damage did you anticipate from a little civility?"

"If you begin upon that, I shall go out and finish my sketch, and not unpack one of the boxes."

Nevertheless, Lucilla spent much fretting guesswork on her cousin's surmise. She relied too much on Owen's sense of propriety to entertain the idea that he could be forwarding a pursuit so obviously insolent, but a still wilder conjecture had been set afloat in her mind. Could the nameless one be Robert Fulmort? Though aware of the anonymous nature of brothers' friends, the secrecy struck her as unusually guarded, and to one so used to devotion, it seemed no extraordinary homage, that another admirer should be drawn along at a respectful distance a satellite to her erratic course, nay, probably all had been concerted in Woolstone Lane, and therewith the naughty girl crested her head, and prepared to take offence. After all, it could not be, or why should Owen have been bent on returning, and be so independent of her? Far more probably he had met a college friend, or a Westminster schoolfellow, some of whom were in

regiments quartered in Ireland, and on the morrow would bring him to do the lions of Glendalough, among which might be reckoned the Angel Anglers!

That possibility might have added some grains to the satisfaction of making a respectable toilette next day. Certain it is, that Miss Sandbrook's mountain costume was an exquisite feat of elaborate simplicity, and that the completion of her sketch was interrupted by many a backward look down the pass, and many a contradictory mood, sometimes boding almost as harsh a reception for Robert as for Mr. Calthorp, sometimes relenting in the thrill of hope, sometimes accusing herself of errant folly, and expecting as a *pis aller* the diversion of dazzling and tormenting an Oxonian, or a soldier or two! Be the meeting what it might, she preferred that it should be out of Horatia's sight, and so drew on and on to the detriment of her distances.

Positively it was past twelve, and the desire to be surprised unconcernedly occupied could no longer obviate her restlessness, so she packed up her hair pencil, and, walking back to the inn, found Rashe in solitary possession of the coffee-room.

"You have missed him, Cilly."

"Owen? No one else?"

"No, not the Calthorp; I am sorry for you."

"But who was here? tell me, Rashe."

"Owen, I tell you," repeated Horatia, playing with her impatience.

"Tell me; I will know whether he has any one with him?"

"Alack, for your disappointment, for the waste of that blue bow, not a soul came here but himself."

"And where is he? how did I miss him?" said Lucilla, forcibly repressing the mortification for which her cousin was watching.

"Gone; as I was not in travelling trim, and you not forthcoming, he could not wait; but we are to be off to-morrow at ten o'clock."

"Why did he not come out to find me? Did you tell him I was close by?"

"He had to join his friend and go to the Vale of Avoca. I've found out the man, Cilla. No, don't look so much on the *qui vive*; it's only Jack Hastings!"

"Jack Hastings?" said Lucilla, her looks fallen. "No wonder he would not bring him here."

"Why not, poor fellow? I used to know him very well before he was up the spout."

"I wish Owen had not fallen in with him," said the sister, gravely. "Are you certain it is so, Rashe?"

"I taxed him with it, and he did not deny it, only put it from him laughing. What's the harm? Poor Jack was always a good-natured, honorable fellow, uncommonly clever and amusing—a well-read man too, and Owen is safe enough, no one could try to borrow of him."

"What would Honor's feelings be?" said Lucilla, with more fellow-feeling for her than for months past. Lax as was the sister's tolerance, she was startled at his becoming the associate of an avowedly loose character under the stigma of the world, and with perilous abilities and agreeableness, and it was another of Horatia's offences against proper feeling, not only to regard such evil communications with indifference but absolutely to wish to be brought into contact with a person of this description in their present isolated state. Displeased and uneasy, Lucilla assumed the rôle of petulance and quarrelsomeness for the rest of the day, and revenged herself to the best of her abilities upon Rashe and Owen, by refusing to go to inspect the scene of Kathleen's fatal repulse.

True to his appointment, Owen arrived alone on a car chosen with all regard to Horatia's comfort, and was most actively attentive in settling on it the ladies and their luggage, stretching himself out on the opposite side, his face raised to the clouds, as he whistled an air; but his eye was still restless, and his sister resolved on questioning him.

Opportunities were, however, rare; whether or not with the design of warding off a *tête-à-tête* he devoted himself to his cousin's service in a manner rare to her since she had laid herself out to be treated as though her name were Horace instead of Horatia. However, Lucilla was not the woman to be balked of a settled purpose, and at their hotel at Dublin, she nailed him fast by turning back on him when Horatio bade them good-night.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked, annoyed.

"I want to speak to you."

"I hope it is to beg me to write to ask Honor to receive you at home and promise

to behave like a decent and respectable person."

"I want neither a judge nor an intercessor in you."

"Come, Lucy, it really would be for every one's good if you would go and take care of poor Honor. You have been using her vilely, and I should think you'd had enough of Rashe for one while."

"If I have used her vilely, at least I have dealt openly by her," said Lucilla. "She has always seen the worst of me on the surface. Can you bear to talk of her when you know how you are treating her?"

He colored violently, and his furious gesture would have intimidated most sisters, but she stood her ground and answered his stammering demand what she dared to imply.

"You may go into a passion, but you cannot hinder me from esteeming it shameful to make her mission a cover for associating with one whom she would regard with so much horror as Jack Hastings."

"Jack Hastings," cried Owen to her amazement, bursting into a fit of laughter, loud, long, and explosive. "Well done, Rashe!"

"You told her so."

"She told me so, and one does not contradict a lady."

"Something must have put it into her head."

"Only to be accounted for by an unrequited attachment," laughed Owen; "depend on it, a comparison of dates would show Hastings' incarceration to have been the epoch of Rashe's taking to the high masculine line."

"If e'er she loved 'twas him alone
Who lived within the jug of stone."

"For shame, Owen, Rashe never was in love."

But he went on laughing at Rashe's disappointment at his solitary arrival till she said tartly, "You cannot wonder at our thinking you must have some reason for neither mentioning your companion's name nor bringing him with you."

"In fact no man not under a cloud could abstain from paying homage to the queen of the anglers."

It was so true as to raise an angry spot on her cheek, and provoke the hasty excuse,

"It would have been obvious to have brought your friend to see your cousin and sister."

"One broken backed, both unwashed! Oh, the sincerity of the resistance I overheard! no gentleman admitted forsooth! Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness! Yes; St. Anthony would have found it a wilderness indeed without his temptations. What would St. Dunstan have been minus the black gentleman's nose, or St. Kevin but for Kathleen! It was a fortunate interposition that Calthorp turned up the day before I came, or I might have had to drag the lake for you."

This personal attack only made her persist. "It was very different when we were alone with you, you know very well that there could have been no objection."

"No objection on your side, certainly, so I perceive; but suppose there were no desire on the other?"

"Oh!" in a piqued voice, "I know many men don't care for ladies' society, but I don't see why they should be nameless."

"I thought you would deem such a name unworthy to be mentioned."

"Well, but who is the shy man? Is it the little Henniker who used to look as if he would dive under the table when you brought him from Westminster?"

"If I told you, you would remember it against the poor creature for life, as a deliberate insult and want of taste. Good-night."

He took his hat and went out, leaving Lucy balancing her guesses between Ensign Henniker and him whom she could not mention. Her rejection of Mr. Calthorp might have occasioned the present secrecy, and she was content to leave herself the pleasant mystery, in the hope of having it dispelled by her last glance of Kingstown quay.

In that hope she rocked herself to sleep, and next morning was so extra vivacious as to be a sore trial to poor Rashe, in the anticipation of the *peine forte et dure* of St. George's Channel. Owen was also in high spirits, but a pattern of consideration and kind attention, as he saw the ladies on board, and provided for their comfort, not leaving them till the last moment.

Lucilla's heart had beaten fast from the moment she had reached Kingstown; she was keeping her hand free to wave a most encouraging kiss, and as her eye roamed over the heads upon the quay without a recognition, she felt absolutely baffled and cheated, and gloriously as the Bay of Dublin spread itself before her, she was conscious only of wrath and mortification, and of a bitter sense of dreariness and desertion. Nobody cared for her, not even her brother!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.*

ROBERT SOUTHEY was born at Bedminster, near Bristol, August 12, 1774. After an excellent domestic and country school education, he was placed at Westminster at the age of fourteen; and in 1792 transferred to Baliol College, Oxford. For some years after completing his academic studies, he hesitated in the adoption of a profession; having originally designed to enter the Church. Circumstances subsequently induced him to accept a diplomatic secretaryship at Lisbon; but a strong natural predilection for literature, decided political opinions, and, in early life, a romantic disposition, gradually won him to the exclusive pursuit of authorship. His pure character, patient industry, and skill as a writer, soon won him distinction and prosperity. His poem of "Joan of Arc," written in 1793, first established his reputation. Three years after, he went to London to study law, but soon abandoned the vocation for the more congenial one of letters; and eventually settled at Keswick, in Cumberland, where, with the exception of occasional visits to the metropolis, two or three excursions to the Continent and different parts of England, he continued to reside for the remainder of his life.

Southey was twice married, — November 14, 1795, to Edith Fricker, a sister of the wife of Coleridge, who died in 1837; and on the 5th of June, 1839, to Caroline Bowles, the poetess. He was appointed Poet Laureate in 1813. He declined both a seat in Parliament and a baronetcy. His "Life and Correspondence," by his son, the Rev. Cuthbert Southey, contains many interesting letters from his pen, illustrative of his career and opinions, which are connected by an ample and detailed narrative both of his private and literary career. The features of Southey have been adequately bequeathed by the pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence and the chisel of Chantrey; and his conscientious spirit and varied services as a writer, as well as his worth as a man, are fitly recorded in a sonnet by Wordsworth, the friend both of his early and his mature years. The latter were clouded by a slow decay of cerebral vigor; and on the 21st of March, 1843, Robert Southey died, —

*This memoir is prefixed to the new edition of Southey's works, in ten volumes, just published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

leaving one of the most unsullied names on the roll of modern English authors; and works that, by their number, utility, and originality, attest the conscientious devotion of high powers to worthy ends. The following estimate of his character, life, and abilities, will supersede a more minute account of the man and the poet; for which the reader is referred to the memoir by his son, previously noticed.

The character of Southey, as revealed in his biography, is essentially that of a man of letters. Perhaps the annals of English literature furnish no more complete example of the kind, in the most absolute sense of the term. His taste for books was of the most general description. He sought every species of knowledge, and appears to have been equally contented to write history, reviews, poems, and letters. Indeed, for more than twenty years, his life at Keswick was systematically divided between these four departments of writing.

No man, having any pretension to genius, ever succeeded in reducing literature to so methodical and sustained a process. It went on with the punctuality and productiveness of a cotton-mill or a nail-factory; exactly so much rhyming, collating, and proof-reading, and so much of chronicle and correspondence, in the twenty-four hours. We see Robert Southey, as he paints himself, seated at his desk, in an old black coat, long worsted pantaloons and gaiters in one, and a green shade; and we feel the truth of his own declaration, that this is his history. Occasionally he goes down to the river-side behind the house, and throws stones until his arms ache, plays with the cat, or takes a mountain-walk with the children. The event of his life is the publication of a book; his most delightful hour, that in which he sees the handsomely printed title page that announces his long-meditated work ready, at last, to be ushered in elegant attire before the public; his most pleasing excitement, to read congratulatory letters from admiring friends, or an appreciative critique in a fresh number of the "Quarterly."*

Minor pastimes he finds in devising literary castles in the air, projecting epics on suggestive and unused themes, giving here and there a finishing touch to sentence or couplet, possessing himself of a serviceable but rare tome,

* Coleridge once said, "I can't think of Southey without seeing him either mending or using a pen."

transcribing a preface with all the conscious dignity of authorship, or a dedication with the complacent zeal of a gifted friend. From the triple yet harmonious and systematic life of the country, the study and the nursery, we see him at long intervals depart for a visit to London to confabulate with literary lions, greet old college-friends, make new bargains with publishers, and become a temporary diner-out; or he breaks away from domestic and literary employment, in his retreat among the hills, for a rapid Continental tour, during which not an incident, a natural fact, an historical reminiscence, a political conjecture, or a wayside phenomenon, is allowed to escape him. Though wearied to the last degree, at nightfall he notes his experience with care, as material for future use; and hurries back, with presents for the children and a voluminous diary, to resume his pene-ract, until the advent of summer visitors obliges him to exchange a while the toils of authorship for the duties of hospitality.

To these regularly succeeding occupations may be added the privileges of distinction, the acquisition of new and interesting friends, of testimonies of respect from institutions and private admirers; and inevitable trials,—such as occasional assaults from the critics, or a birth or bereavement in the household. Sequestered and harmless we cannot but admit such a life to be; and, when chosen from native inclination, as desirable for the individual as can be imagined, in a world where the vicissitude and care of active life are so apt to interfere with comfort and peace. At the age of thirty-two, when thus settled at Keswick, Southey gratefully estimated its worth in this point of view: "This is my life; which, if it be not a very merry one, is yet as happy as heart could wish."

Southey left a somewhat minute and very graphic sketch of his childhood, parts of which are written in his happiest vein. Some of the anecdotes are significant, but more as illustrations of character than of genius. He was bookish, moral and domestic, inquiring and observant, but seems not to have exhibited any of that delight in the sense of wonder that kept the boy Schiller rocking in a tree to watch the lightning, or the generous ardor that made Byron a schoolboy champion, or the oppressive sensibility that

weighed down the spirit of young life in Alfieri's breast. His autobiography, not less than his literary career, evinces the clever man of letters, rather than the surpassing man of genius. It is characteristic of this, that, between the ages of eight and twelve, he expressed the conviction, that "it was the easiest thing in the world to write a play." Such is the natural language of talent: that of genius would be, "It is the greatest thing in the world."

The most effective portrait, in the part of his memoirs written by himself, is that of his Aunt Tyler. It is evidently drawn from the life, and would answer for a character in the very best class of modern novels. As a revelation of himself, the most excellent traits are the disposition, spirit, and state of feeling, displayed. Southey obviously possessed steady affections, self-respect, and a natural sense of duty. The embryo reformer is indicated by his essay against flogging in school; and no better proof of his reliability can be imagined, than the fact that several of his earliest friendships continued unabated throughout life. His sketches of teachers, classmates, and the scenes of boyhood, are pleasing, natural, and authentic.

Like most literary men, Southey in youth took an interest in science, and dabbled in botany and entomology; but he soon abandoned insects and flowers, except for purposes of metaphor. His education, too, like that of the majority of professed authors, was irregular, versatile, and unexact; vibrating between the study of text-books in a formal, and the perusal of chosen ones in a relishing, manner. His love of the quaint in expression, his taste for natural history, church lore, ballads, historic incident, and curious philosophy, are richly exemplified in the specimens of the "Commonplace Book," recently published, and especially in that fragmentary but most suggestive work, "The Doctor;" and these but carry out the aims and tastes forshadowed in his youthful studies.

Marked out by natural tastes for a life of books, we recognize the instinct in the delight he experienced when first possessed of a set of Newbury's juvenile publications; the zest with which he wrote school themes, invented little dramas, and fraternized with a village editor; not less than in its mature development, when taking the shape of

beautiful quartos with the imprimatur of Murray or the Longmans. The sight of a fair finished page of his first elaborate metrical composition, "Joan of Arc," he acknowledges infected him with the true author mania; and henceforth he was only happy over pen-craft or typography.

In his memoirs we find new evidence of the laws of mind and health, and the fatal consequences of their infringement. To Southey's kind activity we are indebted for a knowledge of the most affecting instance in English literature of early genius prematurely lost,—that of Kirke White; and two other cases of youthful aspiration for literary honor, blighted by death, were confided to his benevolent sympathy. But the great intellectual promise, rapid development, and untimely loss, of his son, is one of the most pathetic episodes of his life. His correspondence at the period explains the apparent incongruity between occasional evidences of strong feeling and an habitual calmness of tone. His nature was so balanced as to admit, as a general rule, of perfect self-control. He repeatedly asserts that the coldness attributed to him is not real. In this great bereavement, he seems to have perfectly exercised the power of living in his mind, and finding a refuge from moral suffering in mental activity. But one of the most impressive physiological as well as intellectual lessons to be drawn from Southey's life is in his own personal experience.

We have a striking example of the need of a legitimate hygiene for the assiduous writer, and the fatal consequence of its neglect. To his scholar's temperament and habits may be, in a measure, ascribed Southey's conservatism; and it is equally obvious how the same causes gradually modified his physical constitution, and, through this, the character of his mind. We believe it is now admitted, that, where the temperament is not indicated with great predominance, it may be almost entirely changed by diversity of circumstances and habits. The influence of the brain and nervous system is so pervading, that where the vocation constantly stimulates them, and leaves the muscles and circulation in a great degree inactive, remarkable modifications occur in the animal economy; and so intimately are its functions associated with mental and moral phenomena, that it is quite unphilosophical to attempt to estimate, or even analyze, character, without taking its agency into view. The sedentary life and cerebral activity of Southey seem to have very soon subdued his feelings. We see, in the tone of his letters, a slow but certain diminution of animal spirits, and now and then a prophetic consciousness of the frail tenure upon which

he held, not his intelligent spirit, but his mental machinery, the incessant action of which is adequate to explain its melancholy and premature decay. The time will come when his case will be recorded as illustrative of the laws of body and mind in their mutual relations,—a subject which Combe, Madden, and other popular writers, have shown to be fraught with teachings of the widest charity for what are called "the infirmities of genius."

How many pathetic chapters are yet to be written on this prolific theme, before the world is sufficiently enlightened to know how to treat her gifted children! We need not go to Tasso's cell to awaken our sympathies in this regard. From the fierce insanity of Swift and Collins, to the morbid irritability or gloom of Johnson, Pope, and Byron, and the imbecile age of Moore and Southey, the history of English authorship is replete with solemn warnings to use even the noblest endowments of humanity with meek and severe circumspection. God is not less worshipped by select intelligences, through fidelity to the natural laws, than by celebrating his glory in the triumphs of art.

In a letter to Sharon Turner, in 1817, Southey remarks, "My spirits, rather than my disposition, have undergone a great change. They used to be exuberant beyond those of every other person. My heart seemed to possess a perpetual fountain of hilarity; no circumstances of study or atmosphere or solitude affected it; and the ordinary vexations and cares of life, even when they showered upon me, fell off like hail from a pent-house. *That spring is dried up.* I cannot now preserve an appearance of it at all without an effort; and no prospect in this world delights me, except that of the next." Although he often attributed this change to special causes, and particularly to the bereavement which bore so heavily on his heart, he was, at the same time, soon aware that the recuperative energies of his nature were essentially impaired. "It is," he writes to another friend, "between ourselves, a matter of surprise that this bodily machine of mine should have continued its operations with so few derangements; knowing, as I do, its excessive susceptibility to many deranging causes." These shadows deepened as time passed on, and found him intent upon mental labor, when nature imperatively demanded freedom, variety, the comedy of life, and the atmosphere of a serene, cheerful, and unhackneyed existence.

There was nothing, however, in the native hue of Southey's mind, that betokened any tendency to disease. On the contrary, his tone of feeling was singularly moderate, his estimate of life rather philosophic than vis-

ionary; and, for a poet, he scarcely has been equalled for practical wisdom and methodical self-government. Instead of wishing newly married people happiness, which he considered superfluous, he wished them patience. In travelling, he was remarkable for making the best of every thing; he cherished a tranquil religious faith; he systematized his life; and, instead of lamenting the dreams of youth as the only source of real enjoyment in life, he says, "Our happiness, as we grow older, is more in quantity, and higher in degree as well as kind."

Another wholesome quality he largely possessed was candor. He bore with exemplary patience, as a general rule, the malevolence of criticism; suffered with few murmurs the indignity of Gifford's mutilations of his reviews; and seemed to exhibit acrimony only when assailed by a radical, or when he alluded to Bonaparte, whose most appropriate situation, through his whole career, he declared to have been when sleeping beside a fire made of human bones in the desert. He had the magnanimity at once to confess the genuine success of the American navy, at a time when it was common in England to doubt even the testimony of facts on the subject. "It is in vain," he writes, "to treat the matter lightly, or seek to conceal from ourselves the extent of the evil. Our naval superiority is destroyed." Of American literature, at an earlier period, he declared, with more truth than now could be warranted, that "the Americans, since the Revolution, have not produced a single poet who has been heard of on this side of the Atlantic." Subsequently, he was, however, the first to do justice to the poetical merits of Maria del Occidente,* and numbered several congenial literary friends among her countrymen. A more versatile course might have contributed greatly to Southey's sustained vigor of mind. His early life was, indeed, sufficiently marked by vicissitude: he was successively a law-student, lecturer, private secretary, traveller, and author, and thought of becoming a librarian and a consul; but the result was a firm reversion to his primary tastes for rural life and books.

It is curious, as a psychological study, to trace the lapse of youth into manhood and senility, as indicated in the writings of men of talent; and observe how differently time and experience affect them, according to the element of their characters. Some have their individuality of purpose and feeling gradually overlaid by the influences of their age and position, and in others it only asserts itself with more vehemence. There is every degree of independence and mobility,

from the isolated hardihood of Dante to the fertile aptitude of Brougham. It was the normal condition of Southey to be conservative; taste and habit, affection and temperament, combined to reconcile him to things as they are; or, at least to wean him from the restless life of a reformer. An intellectual friend of mine—noted for his love of ease, and whose creed is far more visionary than practical—surprised a circle, on one occasion, with his earnest advocacy of some political measure, and sighed heavily as he added, "Vigilance is the eternal price of liberty." "But why," asked a companion, "do you put on the watchman's cap?" The inquiry was apposite: he had no vocation to fight in the vanguard of opinion. And this seems to us a more charitable way of accounting for Southey's change of views, than to join his opponents in ascribing it to unalloyed selfishness.*

To the secluded *littérateur*, watching over his gifted invalid boy amid romantic lakes and mountains, the calm and nature-loving Wordsworth was a more desirable companion than Godwin; to whom, at a previous era, he acknowledged himself under essential intellectual obligations. His wife, the gentle and devoted Edith, might have objected to such an inmate as Mary Wolstonecraft, whom her husband preferred to all the literary lions during his early visits to London; and it was far more agreeable to "counteract sedition" in his quiet studio at Keswick, than to roughly experience *Pantisocracy* in America; while a man of sterner mould might be pardoned for preferring a picnic glorification over the battle of Waterloo, on the top of Skiddaw, to a lonely struggle for human rights against the overwhelming tide of popular scorn, which drove the more adventurous and poetic Shelley into exile. All Southey's compassion, however, so oracularly expressed for that sensitive and heroic spirit, derogates not a particle from the superior nobility of soul for which generous thinkers cherish his memory. We can, however, easily follow the natural gradations by which the boy Southey, whose ideal was the Earl of Warwick, and the youth Southey, intent upon human progress and social reformation, became the man Southey; a good citizen, industrious author, exemplary husband and father, and most loyal subject. Indeed, the conservative mood begins to appear even

* "In all his domestic relations, Southey was the most amiable of men; but he had no general philanthropy: he was what you call a cold man. I spent some time with him at Lord Lonsdale's, in company with Wordsworth and others; and while the rest of the party were walking about, talking, and amusing themselves, Southey preferred sitting *solus* in the library."—*Rogers' Table-talk*.

* Mrs. Brooks.

before any avowed change in his opinions. Soon after his return from the first visit to Lisbon, while hesitating what profession to adopt, and while his friends were discouraged at the apparent speculative recklessness and desultory life he indulged, we find him writing to Grosvenor, one of his most intimate friends, "I am conversing with you now in that easy, calm, good-humored state of mind, which is, perhaps, the *summum bonum*. The less we think of the world, the better. My feelings were once like an ungovernable horse. Now I have tamed Bucephalus: he retains his spirit and his strength; but *they are made useful*, and he shall not break my neck."

This early visit to Lisbon, when his mind was in its freshest activity, attracted him to the literature of Spain and Portugal; and the local associations, which gave them so vivid a charm to his taste, imparted kindred life to his subsequent critiques and historical sketches devoted to these scenes and people. They furnish another striking instance of the felicitous manner in which the experience of foreign travel and the results of study coalesce in literary productions.

Authorship, indeed, was so exclusively the vocation of Southey,* that his life may be said to have been identified with it; yet pursued, as we have seen, in a spirit often mechanical, we are not surprised, that, while he felt himself adapted to the pursuit, he was sometimes conscious of that mediocrity which is the inevitable fruit of a wilful tension of the mind. Thus, while to one friend he writes, "One happy choice I made when I betook myself to literature as my business in life," to another, in 1815, he declares, "I have the disheartening conviction that my

* The following list comprises the acknowledged writings of Southey:—

Miscellaneous Poems, Joan of Arc, Letters from Spain and Portugal, Minor Poems, An Annual Anthology, Thalaba, Amadis of Gaul, Metrical Tales, Madoc, Palmerin of England, Esprilla's Letters, Chronicle of the Cid, Curse of Kehama, Omniana, Life of Nelson, Roderick, the Last of the Goths, Carmen Triumphale, and Carmina Aulica, Lay of the Laureate, Pilgrimage to Waterloo, Morte d'Arthur, History of Brazil, Life of Wesley, Expedition of Orsua, A Vision of Judgment, Book of the Church, Tale of Paraguay, Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ, History of the Peninsular War, Lives of Uneducated Poets, All for Love and the Legend of a Cock and a Hen, Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society, Life of Bunyan, Naval History of England, The Doctor, Commonplace Book, Oliver Newman, and other Fragments.

Southey was also the editor of Specimens of English Poets; Specimens of Later British Poets; Select British Poets; the Works of Chatterton, Kirke White, and Cowper. He contributed the historical part of the Edinburgh Annual Register, for the years 1808-9, and 10; fifty-two articles to the Annual, and nearly one hundred to the Quarterly Review.

best is done, and that to add to the bulk of my works will not be to add to their estimation." Yet Southey, like all genuine authors, cherished his dream of glory, and probably anticipated enduring renown from his poetry. The mechanical spirit of his literary toil, however, was carried into verse. He set about designing a poem as he did a history or a volume of memoirs, and proceeded to fill up the outline with the same complacent alacrity. Many of these works exhibit great ingenuity of construction, both as regards form and language. They are striking examples of the inventive faculty, and show an extraordinary command of language. In this latter regard, some of his verses are the most curious in our literature: the "Fall of Lodore" is an instance. The best passages of his long poems are highly imaginative; but the style is diffuse, the interest complicated, and there is a want of human interest that prevents any strong enlistment of the sympathies. They have not the picturesque and living attraction of Scott, nor yet the natural tenderness of Burns; but are melo-dramatic, and make us wonder at the author's fertility of invention, rather than become attached to its fruits.

One of the most striking instances of want of discrimination in the critical tone of the day was the habit of designating Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey under the same general term. The only common ground for calling them the Lake School was the fact that they each resided among the lakes of Cumberland at one and the same time. The diffuse, reflective, philosophic Muse of Wordsworth is as essentially different from the mystic and often profoundly tender sentiment of Coleridge, as both are from the elaborate chronicles and rhetorical artifice of Southey. His "Pilgrimage to Waterloo" is an apt and clever journal in verse; occasionally, from its personal style and simplicity, quite attractive. His laureate odes have a respectable sound, and frequently a commendable sense, but rarely any bardic fire or exquisite grace. In a word, although there is much to admire in Southey's poetry as the work of a creative fancy and the result of research and facility, as well as invention in the use of language, we seldom find, in perusing his works, any of those "Elysian corners of intuition," wherein Leigh Hunt speaks of comparing notes with the reader. The amplitude, variety, and tact of constructive talent, and not the glow and mystery of genius, win us to his page. It informs, entertains, and seldom offends; but rarely melts, kindles, or nerves the spirit.

His most obstinate admirers cannot but admit, that, as poems, "Joan of Arc," "Madoc," and "Roderick," have many tedious

passages. They are fluent, authentic chronicles, recorded in a strain that so often lapses from the spirit and dignity of the Muse as to read like mere prose. Here and there, a graphic descriptive sketch or felicitous epithet redeems the narrative; but no one can wonder, that in an age when Byron individualized human passion in the most kindling rhyme, when Crabbe described so truthfully humble life, and Shelley touched the ideal spirit with his aerial fantasy, a species of poetry comparatively so distant from the associations of the heart should fail to achieve popularity. Indeed, Southey recognized the fact, and seemed not unwilling to share the favor of a limited but select circle with Landor and others, who, instead of universal suffrage, gain the special admiration of the few. No author, however, cherished a greater faith in literature as a means of reputation. "Literary fame," he says, "is the only fame of which a wise man ought to be ambitious, because it is the only lasting and living fame. Bonaparte will be forgotten before his time in purgatory is half over, or but just remembered, like Nimrod or other cut-throats of antiquity, who serve us for the commonplaces of declamation. Put out your mind in a great poem, and you will exercise authority over the feelings and opinions of mankind as long as the language lasts."

The two poems upon which Southey evidently most genially labored are "Thalaba" and "The Curse of Kehama." They bear the most distinct traces of his idiosyncrasies as evinced in boyhood, when a translation of the "Jerusalem Delivered" seems to have first directly appealed to his poetic instinct. The scenes of enchantment particularly fascinated him. Then came Ariosto and Spenser. The narrative form and the imaginative and romantic character of these works harmonized with Southey's mind; and they continued his poetic vein after the taste of the age had become wedded to the natural, the human, and the direct, in poetry. His tone and imagery were somewhat modified by Bowles and Coleridge; but he remained essentially in the class of romantic and narrative bards, in whose productions general effects, vague dramatic and supernatural charms, and heroic chronicles, form the pervading traits. Another characteristic of the modern poetry he lacked was concentration. One concise, vivid, and inspired lyric outlives the most labored epic. Sterling's brief tribute to Joan of Arc brings her nearer to us than Southey's quarto.

As works of art, the varied rhyme and rhythm and prolific fancy won for Southey's long poems a certain degree of attention and respect; but he is remembered more for certain fine passages than for entire composi-

tions. In these, his claim to the title of poet, in the best sense of the word, asserts itself; and, but for these, he would rank only as a clever *improvisatore*. Learning, indeed, overlays inspiration in his long poems. He faithfully explored Welsh annals for the materials of "Madoc," Hindoo mythology and Asiatic scenery for the "Curse of Kehama," and Gothic history for "Roderick." All narrative poems are somewhat indebted to external materials; but these must be fused, as we have before hinted, into a consistent and vital whole by the glow of some personal sentiment, ere they will find universal response. Thus the intense consciousness of Byron, the chivalric zeal of Campbell, and the amorous fancy of Moore, give a life and significance to their stories in verse, that invest them with a sympathetic atmosphere, and unity of feeling. There is little of this in Southey's narratives: they are more ingenious than glowing, more imaginative than natural; and they entertain more than they inspire. He seems destitute of that sacred reserve which renders manners so efficient, deepens love's channel, and hallows truth to consciousness,—that instinctive suggestiveness, which is a great secret of Dante's power, giving sublime intimations of Tennyson's exquisite sentiment, vaguely hinting the inexpressible, and of Wordsworth's solemn mysticism, as in the "Ode on the Prospect of Immortality." To such lofty and profound elements the poetry of Southey has no claims; but in descriptive aptitude, and especially in rhetorical effect, he is sometimes remarkable. Occasionally, in these qualities, in their simplicity, he reminds us of the old dramatist; thus in "Madoc":—

"The masters of the song
In azure robes were robed—that one bright hue,
To emblem unity and peace and truth
Like Heaven, which o'er a world of wickedness
Spreads its eternal canopy serene."

And again in the same poem:—

"Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
Of tempests and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe;
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And with an eager and suspended soul
Woo terror to delight us."

In "Roderick" is a fine and characteristic image:—

"Toward the troop he spread his arms,
As if the expanded soul diffused itself,
And carried to all spirits with the act
Its affluent inspiration."

The description of moonlight in this poem, so justly admired, we perceive, by one of the author's letters, was drawn from an actual scene; which evidences the absolute need of strong personal impressions even for an im-

agitative poet. The description of the ruins of Babylon, in "Thalaba,"—

"The many-colored domes yet wore one dusky hue,"—

is one of the best examples of his power of language, and musical adaptation of rhythm to sense. To one having a natural feeling of wonder and fine elocutionary powers, it is susceptible of the most solemn recitative effect. The beautiful passage in his "Curse of Kehama," commencing "They sin who tell us love can die," the ballads of "Mary of the Inn" and "The Battle of Blenheim," the "Verses to a Dead Friend," and "The Holly-tree," are among the fugitive pieces written from actual emotion, which illustrate Southey's affections, and have endeared him as a lyricist.

He remarks in one of his letters, that he most nearly resembles Chiabrera, an Italian bard of the fifteenth century, who enjoyed high honors for his verses, and died at a prosperous old age. His works are comparatively neglected at present; but Maffei, the literary historian, ascribes his success to merits very similar to these we have recognized in Southey. According to this critic, it was a saying of Chiabrera, that he wished to follow the example of Columbus, and discover a new world, or perish; and that poetry should "lift the eyebrow;" thus declaring surprise to be the great effect, and novelty the great means, of poetic excellence. Accordingly, his verse was prized chiefly for its style, which innovated greatly upon familiar models; and for its erudition, which was remarkable for that day. Thus his renown was gained by ingenuity and scholarship, rather than through intense natural sympathy or genuine inspiration. We therefore find Southey's own estimate of his poetry, in a great degree, confirms our own. But this coincidence is as clearly, though less directly, suggested by his casual observations on the art, in his letters to cotemporary writers, and his advice to young poets who sought encouragement from his counsel.

It is obvious, from the incidental views honestly expressed, that he had not a vivid and permanent consciousness of a poet's birth-right; that the art was too much a branch of authorship, and too little a sacred instinct, in his estimation; and that the more erratic versifiers of the age—less elaborate, but far more intense and genuine—won their larger popularity on legitimate grounds. He tells one of his correspondents, who had solicited his opinion of a poem, that his friends reckon him "a very capricious and uncertain judge of poetry;" and elsewhere, in speaking of the error which identifies the power of enjoying natural beauty with that of producing poetry,

he says, "One is a gift of Heaven, and conduces immeasurably to the happiness of those who enjoy it: the second has more of a knack in it than the pride of poets is always willing to admit." If Southey's poetic faculty and feeling had been equal to his "knack" of versifying, he would have been quite as reluctant to ascribe to ingenuity what was consciously derived from a power above the will. Perhaps he was chagrined into this commonplace view of the art by the fact, that while Scott was receiving three thousand guineas for the "Lady of the Lake," the "Curse of Kehama" was going through the press at the expense of Landor.

The professional character of Southey's life is almost incompatible with the highest literary results. His great merit as a writer consists in the utility of a portion of his works, and their unexceptionable morality and good sense. The most surprising quality he exhibited as an author was industry. His name is thoroughly respectable in literature, as it was in life; but it would be unjust to the chivalric and earnest genius of the age elsewhere manifested in deeper and more significant though less voluminous records, to award to Southey either the title of a great poet or a leader of opinion. His career in regard to the latter is clearly explained in his biography. We perceive that, even in boyhood, the intellect predominated in his nature. In the heyday of his blood, the companionship of bolder spirits and less chastened enthusiasts, the infectious atmosphere of the French Revolution, and the activity of the poetical instinct, not yet formalized into service, made him for a while the independent thinker in religion and politics, and induced visions of social equality which he hoped to realize across the sea. But early domestic ties and a natural love of study won him gradually back to conservative quietude. More than either of his brother-poets, Southey had the temperament and taste of a scholar. He neither felt as deeply nor dreamed as habitually as Coleridge. The sensuous and the imaginative were not so united in his being with the intellectual. He needed less excitement; his spirit was far less adventurous; and life did not press upon and around him with such prophetic and inciting power.

It is needless to ascribe the change in his views altogether to interest: this may have had its influence: but the character of the man yields a far more natural solution of the problem. He was doubtless as sincere when he accepted the laureateship as when he wrote "Wat Tyler;" but, in the latter case, his "blood and judgment were not well commingled." Southey, the Bristol youth,—penniless, aspiring, and fed with the daily manna of poetic communion,—looked upon

society with different eyes than Southey, the recognized English author, resident of Cumberland, and father of a family. He knew how to use materials aptly; how to weave into connected and intelligible narrative the crude and fragmentary data of history and memoirs. In this manner, he greatly served all readers of English. His "Life of Wesley" is the most authentic and lucid exposition of an extraordinary phase of the religious sentiment on record. Of Brazil and the Peninsular War he has chronicled memorable things in a perspicuous style. Few pictures of British life are more true to fact, and more suggestive, than "Escriella's Letters." The "Life of Nelson" is a model of unaffected, direct narrative, allowing the facts to speak for themselves through the clearest possible medium of expression; and yet this most popular of Southey's books, far from being the offspring of any strong personal sympathy or perception, was so entirely a literary job, that he says it was thrust upon him, and that he moved among the sea-terms like a cat among crockery. For a considerable period after the establishment of the "Quarterly," he found reviews the most profitable labor. Many of these are judicious and informing; but they seldom quicken or elevate either by rhetorical or reflective energy, and are too often special pleas to excite great interest. Those on purely literary subjects, however, are agreeable.

If we were to name, in a single term, the

quality for which Southey is eminent, we should call him a verbal architect. His prose works do not open to our mental gaze new and wondrous vistas of thought: they are not deeply impressive from the greatness, or strangely winsome from the beauty, of their ideas. Their rhetoric does not warm and stir the mind, nor is their scope highly philosophic or gracefully picturesque. But their style is correct, unaffected, and keeps that medium which good taste approves in manners, speech, and costume, but which we seldom see transferred to the art of writing. For pure narrative, where the object is to give the reader unalloyed facts, and leave his own reflection and fancy to shape and color them, no English author has surpassed Southey. He appears to have been quite conscious of the moderate standard to which he aspired. "As to what is called fine writing," he says, "the public will get none of that article out of me: sound sense, sound philosophy, and sound English, I will give them." There is no doubt, in so doing, he consulted the Anglo-Saxon love of regulated and useful principles, and hatred of extravagance, and was thus an admirable type of the modern English mind; but such an ideal, however praiseworthy and respectable, scarcely coincides with the more noble and inspired mood in which the permanent masterpieces of literary genius are conceived and executed.

From the churchyard of St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia.

JOSEPH DENNIE.

Born at Boston, Massachusetts, Aug. 30, 1768,
Died at Philadelphia, January 7, 1812.

Endowed with talents and qualified by education
To adorn the Senate and the Bar;

But following the impulse of a genius

Formed for converse with the muses,

He devoted his life to the Literature of his country.

As author of the "Lay Preacher,"

And as first editor of the *Port Folio*,

He contributed to chasten the morals, and to

Refine the taste of this nation.

To an imagination lively, not licentious;

A wit sportive, not wanton;

And a heart without guile; he

United a deep sensibility, which endeared

Him to his friends, and an ardent piety,

Which we humbly trust recommended him
to his God.

Those friends have erected this tribute of their

Affection to his memory.

To the mercies of that God is their resort,

For themselves and for him.

MDCCCXIX.

This Tablet records
the affection and respect
of the members of the Philadelphia Bar, for

BUSHROD WASHINGTON:

an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court
of the United States.

Alike distinguished

for simplicity of manners

and purity of heart:

Fearless, dignified, and enlightened, as a judge

no influence or interest

could touch his integrity or

bias his judgment.

A zealous patriot and a pious Christian.

He died at Philadelphia,

On the 26th of November, A.D. 1832,

leaving to his professional brethren

a spotless fame,

and to his country

the learning, labor, and wisdom

of a long judicial life.

[The committee appointed to prepare this inscription, were Joseph Hopkinson and Joseph R. Ingersoll. Mr. Ingersoll wrote the first part, and Mr. Hopkinson the last paragraph.]

From Blackwood's Magazine.
A FEUILLETON.

LAHURE (MATHIEU) had taken a lodging at Enghien.

It was summer. Lahure loved the country, its roses, balmy air, quaint festivities, and Sunday visitors. Lahure was a native of Bordeaux, nursed on claret, young and good-looking, impetuous and combustible; picturesque himself, and the lover of the picturesque in others; honest at heart, gay in manner, an observer of life under every aspect, a writer of no mean merit, and a caricaturist of the first calibre, even in Paris.

And he had taken lodgings at Enghien, whence he occasionally journeyed to Paris, so as not to lose the true smack of Parisian humor.

An artist, whatever his branch, weaves his art into his life, and devotes his life to his art; who separates the two is not an artist, but a mechanic. The result is not a life—at times scarce a livelihood. So Lahure used to repair to the capital, not as a traveller, but as caricaturist. He never went by railway. He either walked or clung to a cart, or when the day was wet, took his place in the omnibus.

The day was wet, and Lahure took his place in the omnibus. He was late, and chance led him to the remote and dark end of the vehicle. A young lady sat on his right, occupying the corner. Lahure commenced an examination of her face; he was always on the search for a new countenance to adorn his easel. The profile of Lahure's neighbor was worthy the pencil of a Guido. Lahure, a humble follower of that great master, paid homage to his memory by studying the model accordingly.

But artists are not always content with still life; they require animation as well as purity of outline. It behoved, therefore, Lahure, by dint of his conversational powers, to produce that play of feature which perplexes and delights others besides artists.

So he began—about the weather.

"It rains," said Mathieu, addressing his neighbor.

"What extravagance of resource!" soliloquized, spitefully and aloud, a notary's clerk.

"Lucky fellow," murmured an old bachelor playfully, while one or two elderly married couples smiled conjugal smiles on each other's ample proportions, and approved the young gentleman's advances.

"It rains, mademoiselle," repeated Lahure.

"It does indeed," answered the young lady.

"I fear it will rain all day," continued the artist.

"There is much cause for apprehension," responded the Guido face.

"Bad for the crops," commented an agricultural couple."

"Bad for my digestion," smiled Lahure.

"How do you account for that interesting statistic?" sneered the notary's clerk.

"Because, not being accustomed to trot about the streets with a wagon-load of papers on my back, I enjoy a walk from Paris to Enghien, and rely upon it for my appetite."

A chuckle ran round the carriage, in which the young lady partook with an angelic smile, the clerk having offended her previously by odd smirks in the way of advances.

The culprit relapsed into silence, and, carriages not being incentive to conversation, each relapsed into his own thoughts, except the artist. Bent on an interchange of ideas with some one, his right-hand neighbor seemed to present the majority of qualifications.

"Perhaps mademoiselle will be returning this evening?" hazarded Lahure.

"No, monsieur, I shall not."

"Does mademoiselle then not live at Enghien?"

"Only occasionally."

"Perhaps mademoiselle resides at Paris?" continued the artist, with a copious readiness.

"Occasionally only."

"Ah, I perceive;" and Mathieu smiled as one pleased with his own adroitness: "mademoiselle divides her time equally between the two fortunate spots."

"As mademoiselle, she would not admit a compliment." While speaking she arranged her veil in graceful folds on the further side.

"Pardon, madame, the insipidity of my conversation."

"Make no excuses, monsieur; its insipidity was the only part of it that pleased me."

"Can I make up for it by offering you this morning's *Charivari*?"

"Thank you; I have seen it."

"Perhaps monsieur *votre mari* is connected with the press that you receive it so early?"

"I am a widow."

"I beg pardon again, a thousand times."

A face such as that could not seem mortally offended; on the contrary, it spoke in gentle accents.

"I am a great amateur of the *Charivari*, and a friendly publisher supplies me with early copies."

"*Ma foi!*" soliloquized the artist. "A widow, and one who can afford to receive early copies at Enghien. Madame," he con-

tinued, "I am enchanted to hear of your *bienveillance* towards the *Charivari*."

"Wherefore this great joy?" asked the widow, in a tone of surprise.

"You said, I think, madame, that you protected that journal."

"Rather it protects me, by causing me to spend many a pleasant hour. I look on it as one of my best and oldest friends."

"Then, madame, I have a little right to your good-will. I am a constant contributor to its pages, and, I trust, to your pleasures."

"Are you really? Then I am indeed glad. I have so long wished to know personally—or at least to see some of the very clever writers who maintain that journal with such unflagging spirit."

"Madame, you will make me appear like one of our favorite idiots."

"Impossible."

A bow.

"But can I ask, without indiscretion, which are your productions?"

"Ah, madame! The proverb says, '*Chacun a son goud*.' It might add, '*chacun a son secret*.' I know your taste; it is the *Charivari*. In return, I will tell you mine. It is to know something more of every beautiful widow I meet with in an omnibus. We are now quits on the score of taste, but we each retain our secret. These we can preserve—or—"

"What?"

"Exchange."

"Let us preserve them, then," rejoined the widow, drily.

"To hear is to obey."

"But will you give me no indication?"

"Indication for indication."

"Well—agreed."

"Are you a draughtsman or a writer?"

"First tell me whether you live most at Paris or at Enghien?"

"I live equally at both."

"And I write and draw with equal merit."

"Provoking. But I see you must be a *journaliste*, from your self-conceit."

"I have, on my part, long perceived that you were a wit as well as a beauty."

"There you return to your first insipidity."

"For you reduce me to my wits' end."

"Well, to our compact: hint for hint."

"Hint for hint."

"But fair-play."

"What do you mean?"

"Make use only of your wit to discover my secret—no underhand means. Do not follow me when I leave the omnibus, or ask questions about me."

"Madame, I flatter myself I am a man of honor. I give you my promise. In return, you must pledge yourself not to ask any

questions about me, or to follow me when I leave the omnibus."

"Monsieur, I am a woman of honor. I give you my promise."

"Then, now for our battle."

"What have you contributed to-day to the journal?"

"You inquire into the past; I only peer into the future. Shall you return to Enghien by omnibus to-night?"

"I do not think I shall ever travel in an omnibus again. It was by pure accident you have met me here this morning."

"A happy accident."

"Insipidity again. But answer my question as frankly as I answered yours: What have you contributed to this day's paper?"

"To answer truly and sincerely, without reserve, equivocation, or reticence—nothing!"

"What am I to do? Here we are close to your bureau—you see I know where it is—and I am no further advanced than I was before."

"No more am I. But it is the easiest thing in the world to arrange. Tell me your name and address; I will tell you mine. We have exchanged a challenge: by the rules of society, we should exchange cards."

"Although a writer in the *Charivari*, you must feel your proposition a little too enterprising. Ask yourself what you would think of a lady who consented to such an arrangement."

"Perhaps, madame, you are right. But the fear of losing so charming an acquaintance makes me hazard more than perhaps I have a right to stake."

"Well, we shall meet again, depend upon it."

"Is that a promise or a consolation?"

"Take it as you like."

"Will you remember that a letter directed to Mistigris, 180 Rue du Bac, will find me?"

"I will remember it."

"Is that an engagement or a *politesse*?"

"A *politesse* may be an engagement, though an engagement is not always a *politesse*."

"The omnibus is stopping for you to alight. *Bon jour, monsieur.*"

"May I not say *au revoir*, madame?"

"Say what you like."

"Will you reciprocate?"

"Yes, yes; *au revoir.*"

"Is that a *politesse* or a—"

He was on the pavement before his sentence was concluded, urged by the rough mandates of the guard.

For a week Monsieur Lahure was desperate; for another week he was anxious; the third he was melancholy; the fourth re-

signed. At the commencement of the second month, he was drifting into love with another, when a brougham dashed past him in the Rue de Rivoli, and the section of the Guido face greeted him with a bright smile.

Regardless of promises and philosophy, the young man rushed after the carriage. A crowd of foot-passengers intercepted his career, and he returned home more in love than ever—a sadder and a sillier man. For some days he was gloomy, abstracted, and irritable. His thoughts flowed wearily, at a loss for an expedient. He went to sleep one night, and dreamt of Vanity. In the morning he rose rejoicing. The next day there appeared in the *Charivari* a little story in a column of short sentences. The title was taken from the old proverb that every medal has its reverse. It was surmounted by a vignette of the Guido face *en profile*.

CHAPTER I.

It rains.

One jumps into the omnibus from Enghien.

One sits next a pretty profile on one's right.

The profile is a young widow.

A veil hangs in graceful folds on the further side of her countenance.

One falls in love with the profile.

One enters into conversation.

The red lips part, and betray pearly teeth.

One becomes still more enamored of the profile.

One proposes to the profile an ice at Torton's.

Proposition declined.

One offers a dinner *chez Philippe*.

Rejected.

One presses one's suit.

Profile sighs.

Champagne and *marrons glacés*.

Inexorable.

CHAPTER II.

ONE writes a burning letter.

It is answered.

One entreats an interview.

It is refused.

One writes again.

Protestations doubted.

One adores.

One receives for an answer that love such as this will not bear the test of misfortune.

Further protestations.

A walk to-morrow in the Bois de Boulogne.

CHAPTER III.

THE walk begins.

Profile leans on one's right arm. More lovely than ever. Veil still in graceful folds over right cheek.

Adorable creature?

Then you really love me?

One does indeed—and—adorable creature!

Also a little.

May one not see the whole of that adorable face? Will that jealous veil never be removed?

A blush.

Nay—prithée.

Remonstrance and tremor.

A short silence. Distant thunder. Wind blows. Rain falls fast. Shelter beneath a tree. Arm disengaged to run for *fiacre*. *Fiacre* found. The door opens. One assists profile with left arm. A gust of wind. Veil flies back. Profile has but one eye.

Adieu, madame.

One pays the fare of the *fiacre*, shuts the door, and walks home—alone—blessing the unknown philosopher who invented flight.

At the end of the tale was a vignette of the counter-profile, with a great splotch for an eye.

Sure enough the next morning Monsieur Lahure (Mathieu) received a letter, not Rue du Bac, but at the bureau of the *Charivari*.

If Mistigris went a little into respectable society, instead of secluding himself to write libels, "one" might perhaps meet young widows with two eyes.

Mistigris bought some new clothes, and straightway resumed his lodgings at Paris. He accepted indiscriminately every invitation he received; but he did not meet his widow.

One day a friend of his, a painter, invited him to a *soirée*. The painter was a rich man, and gave sumptuous parties. Large saloons, flowers, music, lights, every thing to intoxicate the mind or stimulate the senses. Lahure (Mathieu) was equal to the occasion. He wished to do honor to his vocation, and draped himself magnificently. In addition to the ordinary costume of the nineteenth century, he adorned his button-hole with two small crosses dangling to a golden bar, the Legion of Honor and S. Gregory—orders gained at the point of his pen and pencil.

The young man entered the ball-room to watch the dancing. His arrival soon became known, and the dancers executed their best steps gloomily, and deployed, their best graces depressed with the incisive reputation of the artist's pencil, and fearful, as are Parisians, of their own powers of ridicule. Lahure, to reassure them, assumed the smile of a philanthropist, the equanimity of a philosopher, and the abstraction of a poet. Standing half concealed near some flowers, he allowed the dancing to proceed undisturbed, and yielded his mind to pleasure; his vanity somewhat tickled by the sensation

his presence had created, and his mind disposed to view with complacency his friend's hospitality. Conversations buzzed about him.

GROUP 1.—*Elderly Gentlemen.*

Nos. 1 and 2.

No. 1.—Our friend is giving a brilliant feast.

No. 2.—Lucky brigand! with his pictures and his wife, he must have at least a hundred thousand francs yearly.

No. 1.—At least—and what a charming wife!

No. 2.—Not more charming than himself—I dine here Wednesday.

No. 1.—I agree with you. I dine Saturday.

GROUP 2.—*Younger Gentlemen.*

Nos. 3 and 4.

No. 3.—What lovely women! An artist has an eye for the beautiful.

No. 4.—Beauty is enhanced by gold. So thinks our host.

No. 3.—Do you see Lahure? It is not often he goes into the world. Perhaps he seeks for models.

No. 4.—Beware he does not fix upon you.

No. 3.—He might do worse.

No. 4.—Perhaps he seeks, like our host, to unite the profession of a husband with his original career.

No. 2 (*from group 1*).—Well, there is a good chance to-night, for some one. Madame Dumesnil-Lacondrage once more honors society with her presence.

No. 4.—Society will greet with enthusiasm the incarnation of seventy-five thousand francs a year.

No. 1.—And how very beautiful she looks!

No. 3 (*enraptured*).—Like a Guido.

GROUP 3.—*A young Lady, No. 5; and a Young Gentleman, No. 6.*

No. 5.—How very curious!

No. 6.—It is indeed extraordinary.

Nos. 1 & 3 } What { extraordinary?

Nos. 2 & 4 } is { curious?

No. 5.—A lady in the boudoir.

No. 6.—A very beautiful person.

No. 5.—Not exactly beautiful.

No. 6.—Well, perhaps not—but so like.

No. 5.—So like a caricature by Monsieur Lahure.

No. 6.—The lady with one eye.

Group 2.—But has this beautiful lady but one eye?

Group 3.—No; two eyes.

Omnes.—Who can it be?

The sounds murmured in the distance. Lahure, as he afterwards declared, with his heart beating, moved into the boudoir. There—there, occupying a whole sofa,

dressed richly and artistically, sat the lady of the omnibus, dazzling in beauty and in diamonds, smiling triumphantly, and surrounded by a platoon of admirers.

Lahure again half concealed himself by a curtain, and gazed on the beautiful vision before him. Her white neck rose majestically from her massive but symmetrical shoulders, which, in their turn, stood out in bold relief from the sharp outline of her velvet dress. Every turn of her head was graceful, and the well-gloved hand that held her bouquet or her fan was small and taper as a child's.

For the first time in his life Lahure felt abashed. He could not hear her words; but as she spoke, her admirers laughed in chorus, and Lahure thought she was telling his story, and that the laugh was against himself. He was simple-hearted, though a caricaturist, and he did not yet know that an ample jointure adds a peculiar pungency to the witticisms of a handsome widow. But the idea of being ridiculed steeled the young man's heart. Girding himself with the armor of his trade, he placed a smile upon his lips and walked jauntily to the sofa. The widow observed him for the first time, and a blush spread over her face and neck. It was a good sign, and Lahure became relentless.

The widow bowed.

"Bon jour, monsieur. It is some time since we met."

He bowed in return, silently.

"We have been laughing almost foolishly," she continued.

"I trust not at the humble individual who now addresses you."

"Ah! you who joke others are the first to resent jokes yourselves. I suppose you were the hero of our dithyramb."

"It would probably supply me with a supplement to a romance."

The widow gazed at the young man with that imploring look common to women and dogs.

"Be re-assured," she rejoined, "we were only canvassing a play."

"I did not know you were acquainted with my friend Lahure," interposed the host, who was passing at the moment.

"Oh, yes, indeed. We are *collaborateurs*."

As she spoke, she moved her skirts on one side with that gesture peculiar to ladies when they invite you to sit next them on a sofa. The gesture dispersed the platoon of admirers.

"What induced you to attack me in the *Charivari*?"

"To effect one of two objects; and I have succeeded."

"What were they?"

"Either to pique you, and thus revenge myself; or to flatter you, and thus to find you."

"And you think I was flattered?"

"I am sure of it."

"Do you think it legitimate to bring your powers to bear against a defenceless woman?"

"As legitimate as you consider it not to keep your word. I gave my word not to follow you nor inquire after you, and I kept it."

"I made the same promise, and kept it."

"But you gave hopes."

"Can one give hopes in an omnibus?"

"Ah, madame, an omnibus may contain as true a heart as a gilded *coupé*."

"Bravo!—a capital sentence for your next article."

"Brava! You wish to humiliate me by my profession."

"You do me an injustice."

"You have treated me badly, and I cannot trust you."

"If you really knew the truth, you would not think yourself ill-used."

"I can conceive no possible excuse."

"What would you have thought of a woman who wrote to you without knowing your name?"

"You might have known me."

"No sooner did I discover your real name than I wrote to you."

"But you did not give me yours. You left my finding you to chance."

"You wish to humiliate me by avowals."

"What do you mean?"

"It was not quite chance that made us meet to-night."

"Why, our host did not know that we had ever seen each other."

"But his wife is a friend of mine."

"When I did see you," burst out the young man in a transport, "my knees almost gave way under me."

"I suppose it was only the *sang-froid* of a writer that supported you?"

"As a writer I should have succumbed. It was my artist-half sustained me."

"Then you are two men against one woman. The game is unequal."

"Yet the woman has beaten the two men."

"Explain yourself."

"You who have learned my name, and I am ignorant of yours."

"Really. Do you assert that you do not know who I am?"

"On my word of honor."

She looked at him fixedly—then continued in a low tone—

"Guess it then."

"I shall guess your Christian name."

"What is it?"

"Constance."

"Then you must know me. I have always been called Julie; but my name is Constance likewise."

"I give you my word it was a guess, but I knew I could not be wrong."

"Then how did you discover it?"

"It is the name I love best."

A pause.

"Now guess my surname."

"I cannot."

"Why?"

"Surnames are vulgar, commonplace. They were invented for purposes of civilization and utility. We never think of those we love by their surnames—our sisters, our children, our mothers, our wives. If we lived with them in a desert island, we should soon forget any names but those of baptism. It is a Christian name that lies in our hearts. Society may require me to salute you as Madame So-and-So. Shall I thus recall you in my dreaming hours?"

Another pause, and the widow, in a tremulous whisper—

"Then I must tell you myself. My husband was an old man, who treated me as his daughter. His name was Dumesnil-Lacondrage."

"In that case, madame, I must bid you good-by."

"Why?—why?"

"Madame Dumesnil-Lacondrage is in every one's mouth, the beautiful widow and the rich one, with seventy-five thousand francs a-year, and the world at her feet. I thought I was speaking to my companion of the omnibus, equal to myself in fortune, and perhaps not above my love. No, madame, I will not contend with the world, where there are so many rivals to mortify my pride during the race, and to win it at the end. Let me stop short at the starting-post, not to lose my self-esteem as well as my happiness."

The handsome features of the young man flushed as he spoke, his eyes half filled with tears.

"So farewell, madame," he continued.

"No, monsieur. I will not say farewell. It is not thus I part with Mistigris. Stay!"

Not many months afterwards Monsieur Lahure (Mathieu) gave a ball on his own account, and the Guido face received the guests.

From Galignani's Paris Messenger, 25th April.

THE EMPRESS' BALL.

The splendor of the scene presented on Tuesday night at the *bal costumé* given by the empress at the Hotel d'Albe, and which, for the last few weeks, has been the great topic of expectation, was such as has scarcely ever been surpassed. The emperor made his entry shortly after eleven o'clock, in a black domino, which he only removed during the evening to substitute for it a blue one. The empress, who arrived soon after, was attended through the rooms by Prince de Metternich. Her majesty also wore a domino, which, to the general surprise, she never took off; report having affirmed that she was to appear as Diana, the huntress. Her majesty only remained a short time. The costume of the Princess Mathilde was of a most unusual description, as the texture of her skin was completely darkened to represent a copper-colored Indian, and to suit a curiously picturesque attire, lightly fastened together. The Princess Clothilde showed exquisite taste in a most charming costume of a Bergerie in the time of Louis XV. Prince Napoleon appeared in a domino. The guests were received by the Duke and Duchess de Tascher la Pagerie, whose courtesy and attention were unceasing.

Dancing commenced early, and continued during the night, but three quadrilles in particular stood out in bold relief for their beauty and originality, and the costumes of which had been previously arranged. In the first were represented the characters of the fairy tale which delighted our childhood—Puss in Boots; the second was composed of the favorite personages of the Italian Carnival, such as Punchinello, Harlequin, and the rest; while the third, in which the four elements were attempted to be impersonated, gave to the admiring spectators one of the most lovely sights ever presented in any ballroom. The Countess Walewski represented water, being dressed as Undine. She wore a coronet of diamonds, surmounted by a conch shell of diamonds and opals. Behind, floated on her shoulders marine shrubs. Air was personified by the Countess de Morny, who wore a headdress of diamonds with wings at the sides, her hair being powdered with silver, while behind were to be seen light pinions. The Princess Swiskowska represented earth. Her headdress was composed of a crenelated tower in gold, ornamented on one side with a cornucopia, from which fell flowers and fruits. Fire was represented by the Princess Czartoriska, daughter of Queen Christiana; she wore a diadem of flames of gold, her hair being powdered with gold and flames of the same metal were intermingled with her hair. In

each quadrille the ladies were dressed nearly alike; and in addition to the leaders mentioned above were to be seen the Countess de Persigny, Madame Nierabittowski, and Mademoiselle Sivewiboff, the Princess de Metternich, Madame Nierdricks, the Countess de Portales, the Countess de Labedoyere, etc.

The last-named quadrille was composed solely of ladies, four for each element, and each four being dressed alike, with almost the sole difference that the display of diamonds and precious stones was somewhat greater with some of the ladies than with others. But such was the admiration excited not only by the richness of the costumes, but by the beauty of the ladies who took part in it, that a universal supplication arose for a repetition of the dance, and the request was most kindly acceded to.

At two o'clock the curtain which hung between the pillars of the garden corridor was raised, and presented a sight the magnificence of which could scarcely have been imagined, unless in beholding some picture by Paul Veronese. This was the banquet-hall, which to that hour had not been opened. The corridor led on to galleries, which extended down both sides of the hall. At the further end scenery had been arranged so as to vanish into distance; a fountain sent up its waters in the foreground, and on them an electric light was so adjusted as to give the watery spray as it rose and fell the appearance of frosted silver. The scene was most beautiful, and called vividly to mind those abodes only read of in the Arabian Nights. The centre of the hall was reached by two wide staircases, and in its wide expanse were disposed twenty tables glittering with plate and crystal, and covered with a supper of a most sumptuous description. The attendants consisted solely of pages attired in a costume of the richest kind—silk, velvet, and lace—of the sixteenth century. A party of musicians, also dressed most gorgeously, played during the supper.

The emperor sat down at one of the tables, but did not remove his mask, even while taking refreshment. Eight ladies were seated near him; the Countess de Morny at one side, and the Countess Walewski at the other. At the supper table of the ladies of the court were to be seen the Princess Clothilde and the Princess Mathilde. As soon as the first party of guests had withdrawn, another descended, and so continued until all that pleased had supped. Dancing was resumed afterwards, and the *fête* did not terminate until six in the morning.

Perhaps there was never seen a more magnificent display than on this occasion, or one in which every person appeared to have be-

stowed so much attention to faithfully carry out the various details of the costumes adopted. Expense seemed to have been totally disregarded, both by the giver of the *fête* and by the invited, and the first rough expense of the entertainment, before a guest had entered the rooms, is estimated at not less than 400,000*fr.* The display of diamonds was something wonderful, and the dresses were generally remarkable for their fidelity. Among the costumes noticed for their historical correctness and splendor were those worn by three English officers—Captain Lumley, in the character of the Earl of Essex; Colonel Burnaby, as Gustavus-Adolphus; and Captain Maxse, as Francis I.

THE BALL AT THE TUILERIES.

WITHIN the Tuileries' imperial court
The lights shone bright, and revelry ran high,
And ladies mimicked in fantastic sport
The forms of earth and sea and fire and sky.

'Mid jewell'd sheen and fashion's blaze, alone
And silent sat the first in power and place—
A sombre domino was round him thrown,
A mask, he never rais'd, was on his face.

Too true the type of thy career—dark man!
Who sittest ever silent and apart
In Europe's councils, weaving plot and plan,
With shadowy veil upon thy secret heart.
—*The Press.* C.

THE JAPANESE AND THE DOCTORS.—A highly interesting interview took place, on May 18th, between the three physicians of the embassy and four scientific gentlemen of Washington, Dr. Evans, Prof. Stimpson, and Drs. Holston and Lincoln. The interview lasted two hours, and many valuable facts were elicited. The *National Intelligencer* of Saturday contains the following report of the conference.

"It appears from what was stated by the Japanese physicians that medical education in Japan commences with medical reading and clinical lectures and observations in public hospitals. Unlike what prevails among the western nations, anatomy is not the basis of Japanese medicine; yet the study of anatomy has, within the last three years, been undertaken in the empire. Obstetrical science is ordinarily in the hands of female practitioners, but in difficult cases male assistance is called in. The same policy prevails in the general treatment of female diseases, and by consequence female physicians are numerous; but it appears that their branch of the science is in a less advanced state than most of the other branches.

"In surgery the Japanese do not practice amputations. Their materia medica appears to be confined almost entirely to vegetables, and in particular to various barks, which they exhibit in decoctions. They have, however, become acquainted with calomel and quinine, and occasionally employ them both. The idea that has become current among the western nations that Japanese medicine is founded on charms, starry influences, and superstitions of various kinds, is not well founded. Such notions are, no doubt, common enough among the ignorant vulgar, as in other countries, but with persons of education and thought they look for remedies to the operation of the ordinary powers of nature.

"On the whole, the interview left upon the minds of the American physicians a much more

favorable estimate of Japanese medicine than they had previously entertained, and than that which is commonly held among enlightened European and American people."

NEW ARTIFICIAL GAS.—*The Photographic News*, an English journal of high rank, has the following paragraph concerning a new artificial gas for lighting:—

"The obnoxious monopoly of the gas companies is likely to meet with a corrective agent in superheated steam, which, being charged with coal-tar, produces with marvellous rapidity and at an excessively low price, any quantity of very rich gas for lighting. Careful analysis has shown it to be composed of free oxygen, 1.8; oxide of carbon, 3; carbonic acid, 5.8; bi-carburetted hydrogen, 17.8; and proto-carburetted hydrogen, 71.9. Compared with ordinary coal gas, this artificial gas is found to contain nearly one-half less oxide of carbon, and twice as much bi-carburetted hydrogen; its intrinsic value is therefore twice as great. Besides, its composition proves that it is a very permanent mixture or combination, which remains intact for any distance it may be conducted. After being kept for five months in gasometers, it exhibited no change, and left no deposit. A generator capable of furnishing in four hours the gas necessary to light a city of thirty thousand souls, and to supply three thousand burners, is now in course of construction, so that its practical utility will soon be fairly tested. The entire absence of sulphuretted hydrogen in the gas is not the least of its recommendations to careful trial.

AN "Histoire illustrée des Villes d'Italie," written by a body of distinguished French and Italian writers, is in course of publication by M. Dutertre, Paris. The first volume, which has just appeared, gives the History of Naples.

From Bentley's Miscellany.
EGYPT IN 1859.

BY T. HERBERT NOYES, JR.

WHEN Britons are sick, they are sent for a while, For change and repose, to the land of the Nile. A change, it is true, if not for the better, But scarcely repose—at least not to the letter. Now if you desire to know what to expect, And are not predetermined advice to reject, In case health or pleasure, physician or friend, To that pleasant region your worship should send,

Just lend me a moment your ears and your mind,

And I'll tell you in brief what it is you will find.

A land of antiquities, Arabs, and asses,
And attar, which all other odors surpasses;
Acacias, bazaars, barley, barbers, and hats,
Barbs, beetles, bournouses, and turbans for hats,
Caves, caravans, caverns, the cur, and the Copt,*
Who resides in a convent close-shaven and cropped;

Crocodiles, charcoal, cangias,† cadis, and cooks,
Whose queer craft was no'er learnt from cookery-books;

Dahabéchs, dragomans, dirty dervishes,‡
Who delude their poor dupes as sham flies delude fishes;

* The Copts are Christians. They are readily distinguished by their dark-colored dresses and turbans, which are generally blue or black. Their own language, the Coptic, is quite fallen into disuse, but they keep themselves quite distinct from the other Egyptians. Many of them are literary characters, and are much employed as scribes and secretaries, and may be seen with pen-box and inkstand swinging at their girdles. Their convents resemble Moravian settlements rather than the Roman Catholic institutions which we designate by the term. Those that I visited at Old Cairo are of great antiquity, and full of curious old paintings and carved work. In one chapel I expressed great admiration of a magnificent screen, richly carved and inlaid with ivory, whereupon one of my Copt guides put his hand under a broken panel with the intention of breaking off a piece to present me with—an act of vandalism which I signified my entire disapprobation of, and successfully resisted. No wonder these fine old specimens of art are being rapidly defaced.

† Cangia—a traveller's Nile boat under two hundred arclochs burden is so called; all boats above that tonnage are called dahabéchs.

‡ Dervishes. The dancing and howling dervishes have been too frequently described to need any notice here. There are others less known, who are more properly styled santons, or hermits. One huge giant I saw in the upper country—Sheikh Solim by name—who had sat for many years on the banks of the river, near How, in a spot just out of the reach of the inundations, with no other covering than his own matted hair. He is revered as a demigod by the ignorant sailors, on whose offerings he has fattened; and I was told that the crocodiles have a still greater respect for him. The Arabs profess to believe that a crocodile frequently comes up out of the river and passes the night with him, and has even been seen sitting up and conversing with him! Probably to keep up this delusion he allows no Arab to sleep in his vicinity. He is said occasionally to return the visit of the king

Deserts, dirt, and divans, dromedaries, and drums,*

Whereon dolefully chanting the Nubian strums;
Dates, devotees, dô-m-palms,† doves, donkeys, and dogs;

Eunuchs, eagles, fleas, flies, flax, flamingoes, and frogs;

Fans, filters, and fabulous legends of fasts,‡

For some forty days fed by nocturnal repasts;

Geese, granite, gazelles, gnats, goats, gum-trees, and goolehs,§

Which last, pray believe me, are rare water-coolers;

Hadjis, whose hallowed journey to Mecca's great shrine

Has entitled the rogue and the saint to combine;
Hawks, hareems, herons, hoopoes, hyenas, and henna,||

Which Britons don't see quite as much of as senna;

Inundations, inscriptions hieroglyphical,

Dry records of dynasties long voted mythical;

Ibis, jackals, and jars, kine, kites, kickshaws, and kohl,¶

Which you will not conclude kith or kin to sea-coal,

Since your wisdom will hear, without any surprise,

That it is but the paint Arabs use for their eyes;
Melons, mishmish,** and mummies, men black, red, and yellow

(The three colors mixed make a Mussulman fellah);††

of the crocodiles in the Nile; and they believe him to be on equally familiar terms with the hyenas and jackals.

* Drums. The native drum is called an "edohoula." It consists of an earthenware tube with a trumpet-shaped mouth, over which a bladder is strained. Every Nubian crew is provided with one.

† Dôm-palms are only found in Upper Egypt. Their fruit tastes like ginger-bread, and contains a kernel which resembles the vegetable ivory-nut.

‡ Fasts. The Ramadan is the fast alluded to, during which the strict Mussulman neither eats, drinks, nor smokes, from sunrise to sunset. In Cairo, a gun fired at sunset announces the precise moment at which it is lawful for true believers to feed. When the fast falls in summer, it is very onerous. The effect of total abstinence from water during the intense heat that prevails must be experienced to be appreciated.

§ Goolchs are porous earthenware water-jars.

|| Henna, used by the natives for dyeing their nails.

¶ Kohl is powdered antimony.

** Mishmish is apricot, fresh or dried, the favorite preserve of the country. A variety dried in sheets is mostly imported from the neighborhood of Damascus, which abounds in apricot trees. The fruit is there stoned, pressed together, and laid out in the fields to dry in sheets, which are afterwards rolled up. An American traveller, once passing through that district in the drying season, mistook the dried fruit for hides, and, without further inquiry, noted the fact, and on the strength of it published, for the information of his countrymen, that the neighborhood of Damascus abounded in tan-yards!

†† Fellah, fellaheen. Peasant, peasantry.

Moollahs,* minarets, monuments, Memnons, and mud,

Deposited deep by each annual flood ;
Oars, onions, and obelisks, owls, and ophthalmia
(Wonder of wonders, in land of such balmy air) ;
Pigeon-palaces, pyramids, pashas, and palms ;
Plovers, pelicans, pumpkins, and quizzical
qualms ; †

Quails, and queer reptiles, ‡ and ruins, and roses,
If ever that shrub the true attar composes ;
Sand, sycamores, sugar-cane, sandals, and senna
('Twas named once before as a good rhyme for
henna) ;

Sackéeahs, § and shadoofs, || smoke, sherbet,
and song,

Though nor music nor tune to their ditties be-
long ;

* Moolah, the Mussulman priest.

† Quizzical qualms. There are few people who
know better than the Arabs how to strain at a gnat
and swallow a camel.

‡ Lizards of many varieties abound. At the foot
of the First Cataract I observed a creature, genus
unknown, swimming across the river. I gave
chase in vain, for it disappeared among the rocks
before I could come up. My dragoman, Mahomed,
proceeded to explain to me, in his quaint phrase-
ology (he was far from a good linguist), that the
said creature was not a crocodile, but the produce
of addled crocodiles' eggs. "Crocodiles," he said,
"lay their eggs in the sand, to be hatched by the
sun. When the eggs are good, they turn out cro-
codiles; when they are bad, they turn out these
creatures." I thought at the time he was attempt-
ing to impose on my credulity by a story improv-
ised for my especial benefit, but afterwards found
that it was really a legend current among the
Arabs, and that the creature in question was in
reality a very large water lizard.

§ The sackéeah is a machine worked by oxen
for raising the Nile water for irrigation. A series
of buckets, attached to an endless rope, are wound
upon a drum (after the fashion of the dredging ma-
chines which may be seen raising Thames mud),
and, after filling themselves in the Nile, discharge
their contents into a leaky trough, from which a
little rill is kept perpetually flowing through the
parched fields. These machines abound all over
the country. They are often very rudely con-
structed.

|| The shadoof is a water machine of much sim-
pler construction, of one-fellah power. It is sim-
ply a bucket, to the handle of which is attached a
pole, which is fastened at right angles to the end
of a second pole, balanced, like a see-saw, on a
cross-beam supported between two upright posts.
The other end of this see-saw is weighted by a huge
lump of clay, heavy enough to counterbalance the
bucketful of water. This machine is planted on
the river bank, in which the fellah has dug a
trench to admit the stream to a little pool under his
feet, in which he can conveniently dip his bucket,
which is then lowered by its long handle, and
easily raised by the aid of the countervailing clay
weight. The advantage of this arrangement is,
that the fellah's hardest work consists in pulling
down a weight from over his head—an operation
in which his own weight tells materially in his favor
—while the clay weight, in fact, lifts the water for
him, or, at any rate, materially equalizes the labor
of lowering and raising; no small advantage, con-
sidering the many hours of unintermitted labor he
must spend daily at the shadoof, and considering

Scarabæi* and sculptures, and singular
sphinxes, †

With fanciful features of long-buried minxes ;
Sheikhs and soldiers, with fez-cap in lieu of a
shako ;

Tombs, temples, Turks, turbans, tarboosh, ‡ and
tobacco ;

Vultures brown, white, and yellow, veils black,
white, and blue ;

Water-jars, water-melons, and water-skins too ;
'Tis a land where 'cute Yankees are prone much
to travel in,

And where yarns in the streets you will hear
folks unravelling ;

'Tis the land of the Zingari, whence comes their
name,
Though some far-distant climes would the origin
claim.

Yet all these, and a thousand more wonderful
things,

Which no Murray e'er notes and no poet e'er
sings,

Are found in that strictest and longest of vales,
Where old Father Nilus' flood never fails

To reward the poor fellah's perpetual toil,
Give new life to his crops, and melt down his
baked soil.

No winters there ever change green to dull
brown,

Or send frost to sweep the dry foliage down ;
But in their long train lasting summers aye
bring

Both seedtime and harvest, and flowery spring,
While the howadjees' § eyes are mazed to behold
Both the fresh blades of green and the ripe ears
of gold ;

Yet, wherever old Nilus' floods are denied,
Sandy desert is there, and naught fertile beside.

No turf, moss, or fern decks the mountains with
green,

Nor tree, leaf, or flow'r on their dry slopes is
seen,

But yellow sand only, and dull, rocky gray,
Alternately hold a perpetual sway,

Till from the far west the sun's glowing beams
tinge

that any ordinary back would infallibly be broken
by the stooping and lifting all day.

* Scarabæi. Beetles, carved out of every variety
of stone and gem, are found in great numbers, en-
graved with cartouches containing the hieroglyphic
symbol of the reigning monarch, and other hiero-
glyphics, which were no doubt used as signets and
seals by their original possessors.

† Sphinxes. The features of the sphinx at the
Pyramids of Ghizeh are too well known to need
description. Of the avenue of sphinxes which once
lined the road from Carnæ to Luxor one only has
escaped decapitation, and that is ram-headed.

‡ The tarboosh is a red cap with a blue silk tas-
sel, like the Turkish fez. The greater the dandy
the larger the tassel. My dragoman rejoiced in a
tassel nearly as big as his head, and when my
boat was one day wrecked in a squall, he seemed
to feel the injury sustained by this costly silk ap-
pendage more than all my losses put together.

§ Howadje, i.e., merchant, a term somewhat
contemptuously applied to all travellers by the
Arabs.

Those wild desert hills, the rich valley's low
fringe,
With bright roseate hues which melt slowly
away,
Till the rude rocks resume the most sober of
gray.

Meantime, the sun's set, yet a rich glowing rose
Succeeds the dull gray, the bright day's brilliant
close,

The golden stars' sheen, the moon's silvery reign
Call the yellow tints back to the sand-hills again.
In groups here and there on the far-stretching
plain,

Enriched with the produce of wonderful grain,
The tapering palm, that most graceful of trees,
Waves its feathery tresses aloft on the breeze,
And groves of dark sont-trees afford a cool
shade—

Sweet trysting-place, may be, of dark swain and
maid;

Amidst the green plain here and there a mud
mound,

With many a mud-hut of crude brick is crowned,
All huddled together at each fellah's pleasure,
And built by no mason by rule or by measure;
Each wall may be reared up some seven feet
high,

The chances are great that 'tis built all awry;
Each room may be, haply, as many feet square—
At least it is certain a larger one's rare—

Flat-roofed, with palm-branches laid roughly
across,

As Paddy at home would lay bundles of gorse.
Windows are scarce; as for chimneys there are
none;

Though haply it chance that the rays of the sun
May find their way in thro' some cranny or slit
His fierce scorching heat in the moist mud has
split,

For poor Arab fellah was never yet known
So much as a pane for his window to own.
No garden adorns his most cheerless abode,
Which would be a poor gift to a good British
toad;

A courtyard, it may be, closed in by mud-wall,
Is the haunt of his hareem, his donkeys, and
all;

Yet, though his own hut's thus one-storied and
mean,

In palaces dwell all his pigeons, I ween;
Pyramidal palaces,* painted and fair,
With whitewash and ochre laid on with much
care;

Three-storied, each story fringed round with sont
boughs,

Built into the wall in such neat triple rows,
And projecting straight out some three feet or
more,

To serve as a threshold for each little door.
There clouds of blue pigeons sit cooing all day,
In guard o'er their homes while their friends are
away,

Taking each his salubrious dip in the Nile,
Or lining the sandbanks in long single file,
Or roaming the cornfields in foraging quest,
Till the setting sun warns each bird home to his
nest—

An earthenware nest of a conical form,
So cozy, so cleanly, so snug, and so warm—
A family nest, in which each happy brood
Owns room of its own without fear of a feud,
Till one of the clan has been captured and bled
By the hawk who resides in the palm overhead,
Or by some dire mischance a howadjee sails by
Who has dreamt a sweet dream of a cold pig-
con-pie.

In the midst of each mound these gay palaces
tower

Far over the huts where the fellaheen cower,
And brighten the scene with their patches of
white,

Which else would be sombre enough to the
sight;

For, though scattered palms lend the ghost of a
shade,

The desert itself is not more bare of blade
Than the sand-heaps and mud-mounds of deep
bistre brown,

That compose the drear site of a dull Arab town.

* The pigeon-houses are usually as described—decapitated pyramids painted white, with occasional patterns in red. Approaching Thebes from Carnac one sees nothing but pigeon-houses, which, built on the accumulations of sand, effectually conceal the ruins of the old Temple of Luxor. In one village north of Cairo they are built on a different pattern, and look like gigantic ant-hills, or Indian wigwams.

THE first edition of the new volume of M. Thiers' "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire," which appeared on the 22d instant, was sold off in the course of the week. The reason for this unexpected demand is believed to be the protest, incorporated in the work, of Mr. Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore, against the second marriage of the ex-king of Westphalia.

A FORETASTE of Mr. Bancroft's forthcoming volume was given at the meeting of the Historical Society, the paper for the evening forming the chapter relating to Montgomery's Expedition to Quebec. Being from its nature an episode to the great drama, it had all the advantages of a complete story, and was heard with very great interest.

By George W. Curtis, in Harper's Weekly.
GODWIN'S FRANCE.

THE first volume of Parke Godwin's History of France, has been published; and no reader will deny that the expectation of his friends and the public has been entirely fulfilled. It is a work which at once takes rank with our best histories and secures the literary position of its author, while its successful commencement, under circumstances which cannot be known by the world of readers, is a triumph of the private energy and ambition which furnish the best credentials for the character of the work. The composition of great historical works requires conditions of leisure which our own historians and the more famous ones abroad have commanded. But to plan and execute a history of the completest proportions with detailed fidelity, picturesqueness, and vigor, while engaged in the management of a Daily Paper of the first class, is the proof of qualities in the historian that are very sure to command success as well as to deserve it.

The first volume of this history includes, of course, the obscurest portion of the whole. As treated by Mr. Godwin, it comprises a clear and succinct account of the geography of Gaul and of its earliest races and tribes. It advances to the Roman conquest under Julius Cæsar, who is sketched with masterly power, and moves through the pages with living majesty. The historian's admiration of the great general is fully justified by his story of his career. The subsequent state of the country, as subject to Rome in its imperial decline, leads to a condensed, graphic, and comprehensive picture of Rome under the emperors, and a delightful and subtle analysis of the rising influence of Christianity as a historical power; with brief, but pregnant and satisfactory glimpses of its preachers, its romance, and its progress. Still advancing, we reach the reign of Constantine, whose relations to the new religion are most clearly and justly treated; while the troubles of the eastern and western empire, the Gallic revolts, and the German invasions, pass in

most animated passages before the mind. The rise of the temporal power of the papacy—a question at the present moment of universal interest—is traced and described clearly and copiously; while Charles Martel emerges, kingly and victorious, from the cloud of Gallic confusion, saves the western coast of Europe from the Saracens, founds an imperial dynasty, dies in the plenitude of power; and, after some delay, that magnificent figure of mediæval romance and story, Charlemagne—or, as Godwin, following the later scholars, chooses to call him, Karl the Great—stalks upon the scene. At his coming the clear, continuous light of history breaks in; and the volume closes with the dissolution of the enormous empire of the Franks, which Karl had governed for forty-seven years. “‘No one can tell,’ says a monk, ‘the mourning and sorrow that his death occasioned everywhere, so that even the pagans wept him as the Father of the World.’ Well might the world have wept, for the bravest and noblest soul that it then knew was gone from it forever.”—(P. 475.)

It is impossible not to acknowledge the very great skill with which Mr. Godwin has managed his material; the full advantage he has taken of every proper point for picturesque description; and the general symmetry, vigor, and interest of his work. A peculiar raciness of style, which is very different from the rhetoric of historical composition, is a perpetual charm in his pages; while the fulness and precision of the notes attest the patient and conscientious care with which he has wrought out each detail. He has the satisfaction of knowing that the least interesting part of his task is accomplished—that with every succeeding epoch of his narration public attention will be more and more excited. He has the far deeper satisfaction of knowing that, in contributing a classic work to the literature of his time and country, he has given that country another light upon the “dim and perilous way” which all nations travel, and has built a lasting monument for his own name.

MESSRS. BROCKHAUS, Leipzig, have published “The Life of Prince Frederick Josias of Coburg-Saalfeld, Duke of Saxony, and Field-Marshal of the Kaiser and the Holy Roman Empire,” in three volumes, by A. von Witzleben.

REPORT speaks favorably of two works of travel published by Didier, Paris; they are “*Récits et Types Américains*,” by M. F. R. Dabadie; and “*Itinéraire en Espagne et en Portugal*,” by M. Germond de la Vigne.